The RING

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FEBRUARY, 1926

"TEX" RICKARD'S RANKING

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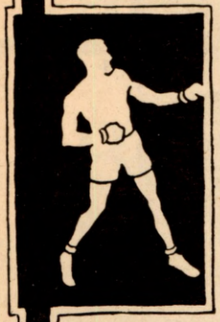

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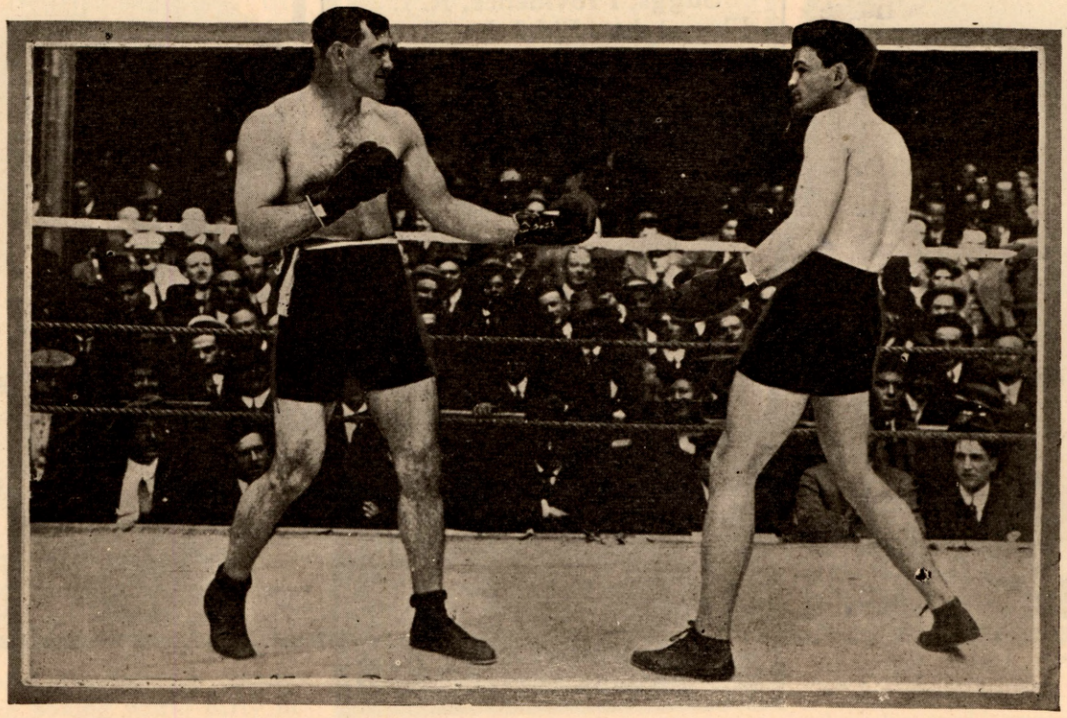

Luther McCarty (right) and Arthur Pelkey in the bout which caused McCarty's death. McCarty at the time was regarded as the leading white hope.

"TEX" RICKARD'S ALL-WORLD BOXING TEAM FOR 1925

Heavyweight — Jack Dempsey, Los Angeles.
Light Heavyweight — Paul Berlenbach, New York.
Middleweight—Harry Greb, Pittsburgh.
Welterweight—Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.
Lightweight—Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill.
Junior Lightweight — Tod Morgan, Vallejo, Cal.
Featherweight—Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.
Bantamweight — "Chick" Suggs, Providence, R. I.
Flyweight—Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles.

"TEX" RICKARD RANKS BOXERS OF WORLD ON BASIS OF WHAT THEY DID IN 1925

FOR the second successive year THE RING in this issue presents "Tex" Rickard's ranking of the boxers of the world for 1925. These ratings were made by the great promoter on the basis of work done in 1925. THE RING obtained the great feature exclusively last year and its publication created more comment than any other article on boxing in any part of the world. Mr. Rickard has promised to continue the annual ranking for THE RING.

By GEORGE L. ("TEX") RICKARD
World's Foremost Boxing Promoter

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WHILE boxing competition the world over in 1925 was not quite as eventful as had been hoped it built the background for bigger things to come in 1926. No year really is complete in its contribution to ring history without a contest for the heavyweight championship. Due to the continued inactivity of Jack Dempsey, despite the willingness of several challengers to engage him, no heavyweight battle was presented.

However, the situation for the current year is quite promising. Dempsey seemingly is preparing to come out of his partial retirement and meet first Harry Wills and then, if still champion, Gene Tunney. The year 1926 will settle the moot question as to whether Dempsey is to fight or resign his title. Certainly he cannot temporize any longer. There are many who believe that the champion will not box again but I am firm in the belief that he will go through with his announced program, and that the East will be the scene of his endeavors.

The year 1925 was marked by uncertainty as to whether Benny Leonard would adhere to his announced intention to remain in retirement. The lightweight star handed his championship to the boxing world early in 1925 and said that he would not fight again. Tempting offers for a bout with Mickey Walker were put before him then.

"Tex" Rickard

Leonard Out of It

THEY have been put before him since, but Leonard has adhered to his decision and it seems that we will have to mark him down definitely as being out of the picture and devote our attentions to those who are in the running story of the world ring.

As a preface to my second annual ranking of the boxers of the world for the year 1925 I would like to present the developments which to my mind were the outstanding features of the year. Mind, I am discussing only 1925. My ranking is based entirely on what was done in 1925, irrespective of what the various boxers accomplished in 1924 or have done in this budding year. I want to make that as clear as I possibly can for last year there was some misunderstanding on that score.

Parenthetically, I want to say that this little task of rating the boxers for The Ring again has been a work of genuine satisfaction and enjoyment. I was greatly encouraged and pleased by the remarkable reception which my ratings in The Ring got last year, —the world wide comment aroused, and the fairly general approbation which came to me. Men high in boxing the world over have told me that in ranking the ring lu[illegible]

doing a genuine service to the sport. That's satisfaction enough.

Many Titles Shifted

THE big feature of 1925 was the remarkable unstability of the crowned heads of the roped arena. Of the nine title holders whom I listed just one year ago I find only three still sporting their glittering headgear. They are Jack Dempsey, heavyweight; Harry Greb, middleweight, and Mickey Walker, welterweight. Dempsey, of course, was safe from dethronement for he spent another year in vacationing.

Greb and Walker, on the other hand, fought quite often. Walker went out of his class to tackle Greb and Mickey got a beating, though he emphasized his sterling gameness. Walker risked his title on several occasions, notably against Dave Shade, who may be set down as the outstanding sensation of the year. Shade gave Walker a great battle but lost the decision. We would say that Shade's startling knockout victory over Jimmy Slattery was the chief surprise of 1925.

The great change in ownership of titles in one year may be appreciated best by listing the champions of the present and those of a year ago, at the time I made my 1924 ranking. Here they are:

	1925	1924
Heavyweight	Dempsey	Dempsey
Light Heavy	Berlenbach	McTigue
Middleweight	Greb	Greb
Welter	Walker	Walker
Lightweight	Kansas	Leonard
Junior Lightweight	Morgan	Ballerino
Featherweight	Kaplan	Dundee
Bantam	Rosenberg	Martin
Flyweight	La Barba	Genaro

Six New Champions

IT will be seen from this list that Berlenbach, Kansas, Morgan, Kaplan, Rosenberg and La Barba all are new champions. In the case of the lightweight championship we have seen two changes inside the year. After Leonard's retirement the New York State Commission ordered a tournament to decide the new ownership of the crown. Out of this competition came Jimmy Goodrich of Buffalo with the title. Late in 1925 Rocky Kansas, the thirty year old veteran, wrested the leadership from Goodrich.

It is my intention this year to create new interest in this great division by staging another tournament, in the new Garden. I have no desire to dispute Kansas's leadership but I would like to heighten the public interest in the class and I think a general tournament would develop an interesting opponent for Kansas. Or perhaps Kansas might go into the tournament himself.

Features of the Year

To go back to the most prominent developments of the year 1925, I would list them as follows:

1.—Dave Shade's knockout victory over Jimmy Slattery, who had been regarded as one of the coming stars of the light heavyweight division.

2.—Paul Berlenbach's rise to the light heavyweight championship.

3.—The development of Gene Tunney into a serious factor in the heavyweight division through his impressive knockout triumph over Tom Gibbons, whom he finished as a factor.

4.—The winning of the flyweight championship by Fidel La Barba from Frankie Genaro.

5.—The quick shifts in the lightweight section, with Goodrich succeeding Leonard through a foul by Mandell, and Kansas dethroning Goodrich.

6.—The passing of Johnny Dundee as a major light in the ring and the rise of Louis (Kid) Kaplan to the championship in the featherweight division, following Dundee's resignation of the laurels in that class.

7.—The jump of Tod Morgan, of the Far West, into the junior lightweight championship with a knockout over Mike Ballerino.

8.—Jack Dempsey's continued absence from competition—a negative development, to be sure.

9.—The development in Europe of contenders like Milligan, the welterweight; Vinez, the French lightweight, and Paolino, the Basque heavyweight, and Persson, the Swedish heavyweight.

10.—The continued durability of Harry Greb, middleweight champion.

His All World Team

HAVING set down my impressions of the year I will now tackle the task of ranking the boxers, on the strength of what they did in 1925 and on that alone.

First I want to name what I call my All World boxing team for 1925. It is as follows:

Heavyweight, Jack Dempsey, Los Angeles.

Light heavyweight, Paul Berlenbach, New York.

Middleweight, Harry Greb, Pittsburgh.

Welterweight, Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.

Lightweight, Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ills.

Junior lightweight, Tod Morgan, Vallejo, Cal.

Featherweight, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Meriden, Conn.

Bantamweight, "Chick" Suggs, Providence, R. I.

Flyweight, Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles.

It will be noted that in two divisions I have disregarded the ownership of titles. I have named Mandell over Kansas among the lightweights, and Suggs over Charley (Phil) Rosenberg among the bantamweights. A careful analysis of the situation in both classes led to this decision. I rate Mandell higher than the lightweight champion. Except for his victory over Goodrich Kansas did nothing at all during 1925.

The Rosenberg Situation

I have rated Suggs as the best of the bantams, not necessarily because I believe that Suggs could beat the present incumbent of the title. But I do believe that the record made by Suggs in 1925 was more noteworthy than that of Rosenberg, who wound up with a defeat by California Joe Lynch and a foul against "Doc" Snell. There is no doubt in my mind that Rosenberg has learned his lesson and will improve his position during 1926. I rated Jack Dempsey No. 1 again despite the fact that the heavyweight champion did nothing all year. Had any other heavyweight accomplished any feat of note I would have placed him over Jack. But the fact remains that nothing which was done in the class during 1925 stood out as being worthy of a rating over even the inactivity of Dempsey. So I have given the honor to Jack with the statement that it is merely complimentary and not due to any prowess during the year.

I believe that Harry Wills is entitled to No. 2 ranking with Gene Tunney No. 3. There is no doubt in my mind that Wills is the best contender and that Dempsey must meet the

(*Continued on page* 18)

"Tex" Rickard's Ranking of the World's Boxers On Their Records for the Year 1925

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Heavyweights

1—Jack Dempsey, Los Angeles (Complimentary).
2—Harry Wills, New York.
3—Gene Tunney, New York.
5—Jack Renault, Montreal.
4—Bud Gorman, Kenosha, Wis.
6—George Godfrey, Philadelphia.
7—Jack Sharkey, Boston.
8—Bob Fitzsimmons, Newark, N. J.
9—Paolino Uzcudun, Spain.
10—Jim Maloney, Boston.
11—Harry Persson, Sweden.
12—King Solomon, Panama.
13—Johnny Risko, Cleveland.
14—Ray Neuman, Jersey City.
15—Jim Keeley, Bridgeport.

Light Heavyweights

1—Paul Berlenbach, New York.
2—Jack Delaney, Bridgeport, Conn.
3—MikeMcTigue, New York.
4—Young Stribling, Atlanta, Ga.
5—Eddie Huffman, Los Angeles.
6—Ad Stone, Philadelphia.
7—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia.
8—Jimmy Delaney, St. Paul.
9—Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo.
10—Maxie Rosenblum, New York.
11—Yale Okun, New York.
12—Young Marullo, New Orleans.
13—"Hambone" Kelly, Boston.
14—Ernie Owens, Los Angeles.
15—Murray Gitlitz, New Haven.

Middleweights

1—Harry Greb, Pittsburgh.
2—Dave Shade, New York.
3—Tiger Flowers, Atlanta.
4—Leo Lomski, San Francisco.
5—Joe Gans, Allentown, Pa.
6—K. O. Phil Kaplan, New York.
7—Frank Moody, Wales.
8—Jock Malone, St. Paul.
9—Roland Todd, England.
10—Bert Colima, Hollywood, Cal.
11—Art Weigand, Buffalo.
12—Ted Moore, England.
13—Frank Campbell, San Francisco.
14—Bob Sage, Detroit.
15—Bruno Frattini, Italy.

Welterweights

1—Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.
2—Tommy Milligan, Scotland.
3—Jack Zivic, Pittsburgh.
4—Joe Dundee, Baltimore.
5—Georgie Ward, Elizabeth, N. J.
6—Willie Harmon, New York.
7—Sailor Friedman, Chicago.
8—"Mushy" Callahan, San Francisco.
9—Frankie Schoell, Buffalo.
10—Jack McVey, New York.
11—Bermondsey Billy Wells, England.
12—Pete Latzo, Scranton, Pa.
13—Sergeant Sammy Baker, New York.
14—Lew Tendler, Philadelphia.
15—Al Mello, Boston.

Lightweights

1—Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill.
2—Sid Terris, New York.
3—Rocky Kansas, Buffalo.
4—Jimmy Goodrich, Buffalo.
5—Solly Seeman, New York.
6—Luis Vicentini, Chile.
7—Phil McGraw, Detroit.
8—Stanislaus Loayza, Chile.
9—Jack Bernstein, Yonkers, N. Y.
10—Harry Felix, New York.
11—Ace Hudkins, Omaha, Neb.
12—Tommy O'Brien, Los Angeles.
13—Lucien Vinez, France.
14—Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton, N. J.
15—Alf Mancini, England.

Junior Lightweights

1—Tod Morgan, Vallejo, Cal.
2—Joe Glick, New York.
3—Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill.
4—"Honey Boy" Finnegan, Boston.
5—Johnny Drew, Worcester, Mass.
6—Ruby Goldstein, New York.
7—Lew Mayrs, Baltimore.
8—George Balduc, Lewistown, Me.
9—Joey Celmars, New York.
10—Carl Duane, New York.
11—Babe Ruth, Philadelphia.
12—Jackie Fields, Los Angeles.
13—Tony Vaccarelli, New York.
14—Mike Ballerino, Bayonne, N. J.
15—Joey Kaufman, New York.

Featherweights

1—Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Meriden.
2—Babe Herman, New York.
3—Jimmy McLarnin, Los Angeles.
4—Bobby Garcia, Camp Holabird, Md.
5—Benny Bass, Philadelphia.
6—Red Chapman, Boston.
7—Ray Miller, Chicago.
8—Danny Kramer, Philadelphia.
9—Eddie Anderson, Laramie, Wyo.
10—Kid Roy, Montreal.
11—Eddie Shea, Chicago.
12—Petey Mack, Jersey City.
13—Lew Hurley, New York.
14—Edouard Mascart, France.
15—Benny Geishe, Cleveland.

Bantamweights

1—Chick Suggs, New York.
2—Bushy Graham, Utica, N. Y.
3—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute, Ind.
4—Charley Phil Rosenberg, New York.
5—Pete Sarmiento, Manila.
6—Andy Martin, Boston.
7—Archie Bell, New York.
8—Carl Tremaine, Cleveland.
9—Dixie La Hood, Butte, Mont.
10—Johnny Brown, England.
11—Amos Carlin, New Orleans.
12—Vic Burrone, New York.
13—Abe Goldstein, New York.
14—Joe Lynch, California.
15—Sencio Moldez, Manila.

Flyweights

1—Fidel La Barba, Los Angeles.
2—Frankie Genaro, New York.
3—Newsboy Brown, Sioux City, Iowa.
4—Corporal Izzy Schwartz, New York.
5—Al Brown, New York.
6—Black Bill, Havana.
7—Willie Davies, Charleroi, Pa.
8—Ernie Jarvis, England.
9—Joey Ross, Hoboken, N. J.
10—Tommy Milton, New York.
11—Johnny Breslin, New York.
12—Willie La Morte, Jersey City.
13—Elky Clarke, England.
14—Emil Paluso, Salt Lake City.
15—Dave Adelman, Philadelphia.

Official Data on Jack Dempsey

OFFICE OF
TOWN CLERK & RECORDER
TOWN HALL

TOWN OF MANASSA

MANASSA, COLORADO

November
Tenth
1 9 2 5.

Mr. P.J. Nalty,
Great Barrington
Mass.

In Re: Jack Dempsey

Dear Sir:-

Your request for information regarding "Jack Dempsey" is received. I have looked up what information there is available to the clerk of the town of Manassa. To get the information you seem to be anxious to get, it was necessary for me to go to other records than those in the custody of the Town Clerk.

The fees for this are one dollar which I take from your letter I may trust you to send me immediately on receipt of this information which I can certify to be correct.

"Jack Dempsey" the present world's heavyweight champion is the son of HYRUM DEMPSEY and Mary C.(Smoot,) who are natives of West Virginia. The mother is a second cousin of the senior senator from Utah. His real name is WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY, born in Manassa, Conejos County, Colorado on June 24th, 1895. His ancestry is native American as far as available records go.

It is said by some of the older settlers that there is some Indian blood in one of his parents, though this does not seem to be verified. His parents are of the Mormon faith- or were at one time- and "Jack" was supposed to be also in his younger days.

His present faith or creed I do not know. As to there being any change of name in the family, there does not seem to be any evidence of it. The name "Jack" is a "misnomer" or fighting name, his correct or legal name as stated above is William Harrison.

Yours very truly,

James A. Holman

Clerk and Recorder.

TOWN OF MANASSA * COLO. * CONEJOS COUNTY
INCORPORATED JUNE 13 1889

Jack Dempsey's Parents Mormons of Pioneer American Stock, Records Show

By EDWARD MERRILL

AT last—the truth and nothing but the truth about Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champion—the truth about his date of birth, his ancestry, his antecedents. Never before was there a prominent boxer in this country about whom so many varying reports concerning family and nationality have been circulated. Not that anything derogatory to Jack has been bruited about but it has been said that his correct name was not Dempsey, that his parents were Polish, that he was of Indian stock—and about a dozen other like statements.

The Ring is indebted to P. J. Nalty of Great Barrington, Mass., an ardent devotee of boxing, for the first official and absolutely authentic "dope" on the Dempsey matter. Mr. Nalty some time ago wrote to the Town Clerk and Recorder of Manassa, Col., where the champion was born, for a transcript of any official data which may be available on the Dempsey family. The reply is reproduced on the adjoining page.

According to the information from Manassa, Jack Dempsey will be thirty years old on June 24, 1926. This makes him about two years older than generally has been supposed. The title holder was christened William Harrison, adopted Jack for ring purposes. The clerk at Manassa says that some of the old settlers that there is Indian blood in the family.

Parents Were Mormons

IT is interesting to note that the record shows that the champion's parents were of the Mormon faith and that in his youth Jack was a follower of Brigham Young, too. His mother is a Smoot —one of the large Smoot family which is spread all over Utah and migrated from West Virginia and Tennessee into the Promised Land beyond the alkali desert. Jack's mother is a second cousin of Senator Smoot of Utah.

It had been supposed that Harrison was the family name of Dempsey's mother. But it develops that Dempsey pater was an admirer of General Harrison and sought to honor that old fighter by naming the new fighter after him.

Jack Dempsey has the rugged features of the West Virginia mountaineer, and he also has a trace of Indian in his high cheek bones. At any rate, he is of good American stock, no matter whether he have Indian blood in him or not. There's Scotch-Irish in the champion—that's certain.

Jack Dempsey

Irish for his impetuosity—his ripping, tearing style, while there is nary a trace of caution in his makeup, he has the canny head of the Scot in his financial affairs. He has the Scot in his wily work in the ring, apart from his tendency to lose his head as he did against Firpo and leave himself wide open for a chance knockout punch.

Pioneer Stock

DEMPSEY has the blood of the American pioneer stock—the stock which dare to cross the Alleghanies and then the Sierras—the stock which built the vast Far Western Empire.

The blood of the pioneer made Dempsey wander from his home at Manassa. Stories about the youth of the champion make him out to have been a hobo—a side-door "Pullman" expert who lived on milligan and had a hatred for work.

However, Dempsey was not averse to labor. But he was averse to resting easy. The call of the blood was too strong and he had to move on. The freight was his covered wagon. Gold again was the lure —and the East the Land of Golconda.

He found it.

Jack Sixth Child

WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY is the sixth child of a family of eight. Three of his brothers and three sisters are alive, but the youngest of the eight, who was named Bruce, died about two years ago. When Dempsey was seven years old his parents, Hiram and Celia Dempsey, with all their children, moved from Manassa to Montrose, Colo., where they lived for nine years. Then the Dempsey household was shifted to Salt Lake City, Utah, and that is the place which they, including the champion, claim as their home.

Born of rugged parents, Dempsey claims that he has Irish, Scotch and Indian blood in his veins and insists that the fighting qualities for which all three of these races are famous, have been bred in the bone and blood and have come to him in generous portions from his antecedents.

Worked on Farm and in Mines

MOST of Dempsey's early life was spent in the open on a farm, but later he alternated by working in the mines, except in harvest time, when he found it more remunerative to devote his strength to reaping wheat and other crops in the grain belt. In this way, Dempsey kept himself in fine physical condition, the hard labor developing the wonderful muscles which proved to be such a useful factor in his winning the world's heavyweight title.

Unlike his challenger, Carpentier, Dempsey had very little early training for a career in the fighting arena, while the French champion was a close student of the glove game and an actual competitor when he entered his teens."

According to Dempsey's own story his first fistic encounter was in an improvised ring at Montrose, Colo., when he was about nineteen years old. His opponent was a young blacksmith, named Woods, whom he knocked out in the third round. This initial contest netted the now champion $25. His next fight also resulted in a third-round knockout. Andy Malloy, who had previously walloped one of Dempsey's older brothers, being the victim.

Began Roving Life When Twenty

WHEN he was twenty years old Dempsey began roving around, taking on a bout whenever the opportunity offered, while between times he returned to odd farming jobs or worked as a miner. His first Eastern

(*Continued on page 29*)

Johnny Grosso, Discarding Plasterer's Trowel for Gloves, Becomes Heavyweight Sensation

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

FRED FULTON and Tommy West are not the only plasterers to quit the trade in favor of earning a livelihood in the ring. We have with us today another ex-plasterer in the person of Johnny Grosso, who, in the short space of eleven months, has satisfied all hands that he will become a thorn in the side of the few remaining heavyweight titular aspirants.

Giovanni Grosso was not raised to be a fighter. His father brought him up as a plasterer earning $16 a day with double pay for overtime thrown in for good measure.

Apparently the remunerative plasterer's job was not the elongated youngster's vocation. He was a scrapper when he was knee high to a bucket of plaster.

Although only seventeen Grosso scaled 180 pounds and stood six feet in his stocking feet. That was four years ago. He played right tackle on the Mount Vernon, N. Y., "Moose" football team. His presence on the gridiron was sufficient to make the opposing eleven run to cover. They feared him as the big colleges used to fear Jim Thorpe, Frank Mount Pleasant and the famous Little Bear Guyon in the old Carlisle days.

Handy With Fists

GROSSO was very handy with his fists. He wouldn't take a bluff from any living man. He'd fight from the drop of the hat. Giovanni did not cart a chip on his shoulder; the plug uglies usually took the other side of the street when they saw him stroll along. At every important bout Grosso was sure to be found sitting close to the ring to get a closeup of the gladiators. He drank in every punch. His greatest thrill came on the never-to-be-forgotten night when Jack Dempsey flattened the huge Luis Firpo.

The fight fever grew so thick and fast on the young man that his brother Dan conceived the bright idea of having him join the Ancient Order of Tin Ears, figuring that after he got a few beatings he would hang up the gloves and return to his first love.

In the summer of 1924—July 6, to be exact—the Grossos stepped in to see Billy Gibson. They knew him only by reputation. Johnny was anxious to mitt the man who was guiding the destinies of the invincible Benny Leonard.

Gibson Gets the Plasterer

"MR. Gibson, I come here on a mission," Dan began by way of introduction. "This kid brother of

Billy Gibson

mine, Johnny, wants to be a fighter. I want you to handle him. He's never on the job, spending afternoons in the gyms and nights at the fights, so he might as well put on the gloves. If he can fight half as well in the ring as he does in the street, believe me when I say he'll become a champion."

Gibson was not too busy to give the strangers a hearing. His eyes fell on a big, strapping young man as personified by Johnny, and the thought ran through his mind that perhaps a diamond in the rough was lying right on his lap.

"Have no fear," Gibson assured Daniel Grosso. "I'll see that Johnny gets the best of care. If it is in him to be a great fighter I'll find it out right quick."

Gibson signed the youngster to a five-year contract right then and there. The next order of business was to have the unskilled big fellow taken to the nearest gymnasium for a short workout. This particular assignment fell to the lot of chubby Lou Brix, who developed and managed the late lamented Frankie Jerome.

Tate Takes Him in Hand

GROSSO had the gloves laced on his clublike, hairy paws for the first time the next day. Brix asked Bill Tate, the giant Negro, who helped condition Dempsey for his victory over Willard, to teach the youngster a few tricks of the game. Bill was more than glad to oblige. Johnny was stage struck, so to speak, but he stood up like a soldier under Tate's fusillading.

"This boy is very green," commented Bill, "but I've got to hand it to him for his gameness. He sure can take a punch."

For six months Gibson and Brix had Grosso go through his daily dozen. If Tate wasn't around Gib would ask Sandy Seifert, Gunboat Smith or Jim Sigman to jump in. He learned more from the Gunner than all the others put together. Smith made him step at a fast gait, popping him with left hooks on the body and crossing opportunely with the right. Grosso picked up many pointers from the old warhorse, and to this day he has no one but the Gunner to thank for his wonderful progress.

Debut at Yonkers

GROSSO made his debut under the glare of arc lights and before a crowded house, chiefly friends and plasterers who worked with him, on February 19, 1925, at the Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers. It was the first sellout in the history of the club. Promoter Mike Valentine rubbed his eyes to make sure he wasn't seeing things. Johnny's opponent was a countryman named Carmine Caggiano. Grosso knocked him as cold as the proverbial mackerel in one heat. A combination left hook and right cross

(*Continued on page 29*)

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THERE was considerable hilarity in New York recently when the Boxing Commission played a little joke on Mickey Walker, Tommy Milligan, Tex Rickard, et al, etc. Just when Walker and Milligan were all set for their international championship joust in Mons. Rickard's new arena the well known commission discovered that Mickey had a bad toe.

"Your toe is so weak and anaemic that we don't believe you could do yourself justice against Milligan," said the august commission. "Therefore, we, in solemn conclave, backed by all the dignity of the Empire State, cancel the fight with Milligan."

Immediately there was a rush to see Walker's toe. It seems that Mickey did stub a toe some time last Summer, when he was about to box Dave Shade. But after a week or so the stub healed.

Solons "Get Hunk"

IT ALSO SEEMS THAT WALKER WAS ASKED BY THE COMMISSION TO STEP IN AND SAVE THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS FUND SHOW RUN BY THE NEW YORK AMERICAN. WALKER DECLINED TO SHOW HIS WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP IN PUBLIC AT CHARITY RATES, AND THE SHOW PROVED A DISMAL FAILURE, BOTH FINANCIALLY AND ARTISTICALLY. THIS TURN OF AFFAIRS ROILED THE AUGUST SOLONS, AND THEY WAITED TO "GET HUNK" ON MICKEY.

To the uninitiated, the action of the Commission was unfair. But he who can see into the devious ways of boxing in these United States in A.D., 1926, is thrice as clever as the well known Philadelphia lawyer, twice as skilful as the Medici and their fine Italian hand, and at least as clever in politics as the late Dick Croker.

New York is laughing over another little byplay. The decision which said that Mike McTigue beat Tiger Flowers at the Christmas Fund show. This verdict was rendered in all seriousness by a prominent merchant and a president of a bank.

Mike Gets a Gift

THE merchant and the banker had no motive beyond giving the decision to the man whom they believed the winner. But if Mike beat the Tigah then the Kaiser is president of the United States and King George is the ruling potentate of Liberia.

HOWEVER, IT ALL GOES TO MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND. IT MAKES THINGS LIVELIER AND MORE INTERESTING. AND BESIDES, DECISIONS HAVE BEEN BAD ANYWAY, AND ONE MORE BAD ONE WILL NOT MATTER SO MUCH.

However, the bad little boys who will wager marbles and tops on fights in spite of the divergence of opinion over decisions are in a fair stew over that Mike and Tigah thing. Some of the bad boys refuse to give up their marbles and tops on the ground that the judges thought McTigue was Flowers and Flowers was McTigue.

When it is pointed out that Bowld Moike varies in color from ebony G. Flowers, the bad boys insist that the judges were color blind.

AT ANY RATE, THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING AND IT LOOKS AS IF THE GANG AROUND THE POST OFFICE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO DISCUSS OVER THE WINTER—OR UNTIL ANOTHER DECISION LIKE THAT FOR McTIGUE COMES ALONG.

Rickard's New Ultimatum

WE are greatly interested in "Tex" Rickard's latest statement—that he no longer will act as a "guinea pig" for foreign boxers. In other words, Texy declines to develop any new Firpos so that others may get the benefit of his press agent wizardry.

Rickard made the statement when it was suggested in the public prints that he had matched Firpo with Paolino Uzcuduin, the Lion of the Pyrenees—or is it the Tiger? Rickard wants the Lion, or the Rabbit, to come here and get a real reputation before he is shown in the Garden or any other Rickard battle scene.

At the same time it would not surprise us if Paolino came to the United States to fight for Rickard. Tex is the only promoter with the ability to put over big things. And the boys over on the other side know it.

By the way, how do you like Rickard's 1925 ranking of the boxers of the world We think it the greatest thing of its kind ever put over.

It Must Be the Air

WHAT is California trying to do? Ballerino goes out there and gets a slam from Morgan. Rosenberg goes out there and takes a pasting from Lynch, and loses on a foul to Snell. Is it the air, or are the boys out yonder so rough?

OUR OWN QUESTION BOX

Q.—Is it true that John L. Sullivan was the greatest heavyweight? —Lucius Whiffle, Scranton, Pa.

A.—Sullivan was born in Boston at an early age. To your second question we say that he never was a Populist.

Q.—When is Dempsey going to fight Wills. John Kurious, N. Y.

A.—There is no doubt about it.

Q.—Has there ever been a fake fight in this country?—Nitt Witt, Painted Post, N. M.

A.—Fred Fulton's address is St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—When is a charity boxing show? —Lysander Wockle, Hohokus, N. J.

A.—When it's a meeting of husband and wife, for as you should know, Lysie, charity begins at home.

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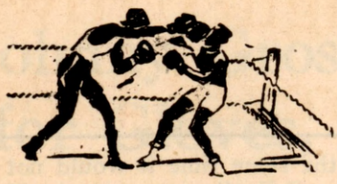
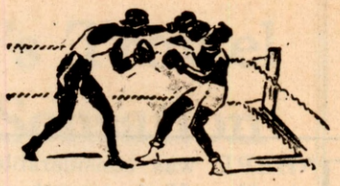


AS WE SEE IT

By the Staff of The Ring



Publisher of THE RING in Europe

IN the absence of Nathaniel S. Fleischer, owner and publisher of THE RING, who is in Europe, the editorial columns of this magazine for this issue have been contributed by members of the staff.

Mr. Fleischer is studying the boxing situation abroad and in forthcoming issues of THE RING will contribute interesting articles and stories dealing with the sport overseas.

He will give to the readers of this magazine an intimate line on the really worth while fighters over there—a line on Paolino, the Basque heavyweight, on Mancini, the English lightweight, on Kid Francis, the French bantamweight, and other fighters about whom America is hearing so much these days via London and Paris.

Two New Champions

TWO champions crowned within a period of one week is a rarity in pugilism. It is a rarity in any sport, but particularly so in the field of fistiana.

When Tod Morgan, of Vallejo, Cal., compelled Mike Ballerino's seconds to throw in the sponge acknowledging defeat in their unior lightweight championship bout in Los Angeles, few figured there would be another upset before the fistic year passed. The defeat of Jimmy Goodrich by Rocky Kansas in Buffalo a week later for the lightweight championship came as a distinct stunner for the followers of the sport.

One of the most notable weeks in the history of pugilism in this country was the championship week at New Orleans in 1892 during which three contests were staged. In each a title was at stake. In one James J. Corbett clashed with John L. Sullivan. In another George Dixon faced Jack Skelly and in the third Jack McAuliffe tackled Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone.

The Dixon-Skelly contest was the first, and Skelly was knocked out in the eighth round. This bout was staged on September 6. Myer was put away in the fifteenth on that same night, and on the following day Corbett won the world's heavyweight crown from Sullivan in the twenty-first round.

Contests in which titles changed hands during one week can be counted on the fingers of one's hand. On October 13, 1904, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan defeated Abe Attell in five rounds in St. Louis and was recognized as the world's featherweight champion until he was knocked out by Attell on April 30, 1908, in San Francisco.

Only four days later, October 17, 1904, Joe Bowker defeated Frankie Neil in twenty rounds in London for the bantamweight of the world. He held the title until he outgrew the class. It was in dispute among Digger Stanley, Jimmy Walsh of Boston and Abe Attell. Johnny Coulon was the next recognized title holder in this class.

On July 7, 1914, Willie Ritchie faced Freddy Welsh in London and Welsh won in twenty rounds. Two days later, July 9, Kid Williams scored a knockout over Johnny Coulon at Vernon, Cal.

On February 23, 1923, Gene Tunney regained his American light heavyweight title by beating Harry Greb in fifteen rounds in New York. On March 1, five days later, Frankie Genaro won the American flyweight title from Pancho Villa in fifteen rounds in New York.

The victory of Tod Morgan gives California two champions in less than a year and there are at least three more contenders out there who may reach the top rung ere another year passes. Eastern and Western boxing critics predict a great future for Sailor Huffman, Jimmy McLarnin and Leo Lomski.

It will be remembered that Lomski is the lad who knocked out Bert Colima in Seattle, only to have Bert raise the cry of "Robbery," and then repeat the dose to Colima, just as a convincing argument.

In McLarnin, the Coast has a "comer." He is one of the best prospects.

* * * * *

Morgan Sixth in Line

BALLERINO held the junior lightweight title for only six months. He won it in a Philadelphia ring from Steve (Kid) Sullivan, of Brooklyn, who, in turn, had held it for only a short time.

Sullivan took the title from the veteran Johnny Dundee via the decision route in Brooklyn in ten rounds. This battle took place in June, 1924. Dundee had won the honors from Jack Bernstein, who in turn held his title vice Dundee, who was the original holder of the honors.

Ballerino met Sullivan three times in all, first winning and then being knocked out by the Brooklyn boy. In their last meeting he outpointed Sullivan for the title.

It was one week after Mike Ballerino fought his return bout with Vincent Pepper Martin that Martin died in New York. Martin tried to wrest the crown from Ballerino at the Queensboro Club but was badly whipped.

* * * * *

MORGAN, the titleholder—the sixth in line although actually only the fifth individual to wear the moniker of "Champ of the 130-Pounders"—has had a metoric career. He is not lacking in poise or experience, and his generalship is excellent in the arena, but he has not as yet gained the national reputation that is usually a part of a title challenger's equipment. He is little known in the East, many persons connected with the boxing game hereabouts staring blankly and saying, "Who in Sam Hill is Tod Morgan?"

Morgan is a youngster and is managed by his father. He has a brilliant future in his class if he can remain within the weight limits. Boxing authorities state that any boy who can knock out Ballerino after sustaining the smashing attack of the latter for several rounds can name his own figures and hold his own and better with the best in the class at present.

Morgan should be a tremendous drawing card in the East and should he come here he will do much to revive interest in the class. The lack of spectacular performers in this division, which seems to be pretty well seeded with the slugging, infighting type of boxer, had caused interest in the division to wane a bit.

(*Contnued on page 36*)

Rise of Fidel La Barba to Flyweight Crown One of the Outstanding Features of 1925

Despite the fact that a great number of young boxers have made good in amateur boxing this year, few seem able to squeeze much success out of the professional fistic field. Of all who have tried, Fidel La Barba, of Los Angeles, is the only one who climbed to the championship crest in the amateur ranks and later won the world's professional crown.

One will recall that La Barba defeated Frankie Genaro of New York for the flyweight belt, just four months ago. In this battle for the professional title, it happened that both contestants had won Olympic boxing championships. Genaro captured the flyweight championship at Antwerp, Belgium, 1920, and La Barba won the flyweight championship at Paris, France, 1924. The writer of this article trained both for these two Olympiads.

Those interested will recall amateurs who gained great fame in the realm of the simon-pures and later became leading luminaries in the rush for the big purses, but, Fidel La Barba, eighteen year old school boy of Italian extraction, has been the only boxer to win championships in such widely separate fields as professional and amateur boxing.

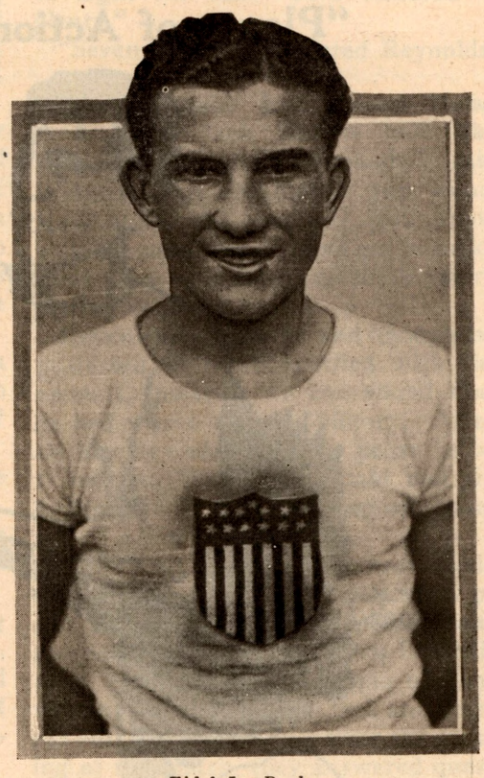
LAST year at Paris, La Barba became champion by defeating the best amateur flyweight boxers that twenty-nine nations could send forth. His stanchest supporter in all his amateur bouts was George V. Blake, boxing instructor of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. It was Blake who scheduled this young California boy, sent him through the 1924 National Amateur championships at Boston, a winner, and saw in him a potential Olympic champion.

La Barba lived up to George Blake's opinion. Blake didn't advocate a professional career for the little Californian, but when Fidel decided to seek the rush o' gold with his swatting fists, the warm friendship that had sprung up between La Barba and Blake continued and Blake became his manager. Within eleven months after turning to the professional end of the sport, George Blake piloted his charge to that rarefied atmosphere known only to a world's champion boxer.

By SPIKE WEBB

Olympic Coach 1920-1924

It is true that La Barba became champion by defeating Genaro, though Genaro himself was never the recognized champion until Pancho Villa died at San Francisco, last July. Fight fans called Frankie Genaro the uncrowned flyweight champion, as he,



Fidel La Barba

on two occasions won close decisions over the little bronze battler from the Philippines and held the American flyweight crown.

In 1923, Frank Churchill, manager for the late champion, stole the march on Phil Bernstein, who handles Genaro's affairs. The same Genaro had fought and defeated Villa in a ten round bout, and Genaro stood out as the logical lad to fight Johnny Buff who at that time was the possessor of the American flyweight championship. Through the progressiveness of Villa's manager, Villa beat Genaro to the match and by defeating Buff became the American champion.

AFTER having knocked out Buff, Villa himself was beaten by Genaro, who then became the owner of the American flyweight boxing championship.

The Filipino's manager than pulled another one on Phil Bernstein, by getting Jimmy Wilde, world's champion flyweight to sign for a championship contest. In this fight the fiery Filipino knocked out the British Atom, thus capturing the world's championship.

Time and again, Villa, the crown-fistic head was challenged by Genaro, and it looked as though they would get together in a world's title tilt, but somehow or other, Villa dodged the issue. Evidently, Villa had respect for the New Yorker's hitting powers.

While the world in general thinks of Fidel La Barba as the youngster who so quickly climbed from the amateur ranks to win a professional world's championship—there is the other side of his life; the bigger fight, which shows his sterling makeup.

La Barba has been fighting for an education, for a nice home, for the care and comfort of his family. Though a boy still in school, he has by his own ability provided for the education of his two little brown eyed sisters, has for his parents established a perfect little home in the west, and on top of all this, is arranging for his freshman year, to begin next September, at Leland Stanford University.

To meet La Barba, a quiet, modest little fellow, with flashing black eyes, is to like him. One respects him from the very first as a true little gentleman. La Barba, I should say, typifies everything that is good in American youth—and when years have passed and that Greatest Referee of all time gives the final decision it must be:

"You played the game with your heart, La Barba—well done, lad, well done!"

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Fighting Fools—No. I

Owen Ziegler, One of the Busiest Battlers of His Day, Never Content to Be Idle

By BILL WATHEY

OUT in Philadelphia most any day you may run across a rather plump man, battle scarred, gray at the temples and inclined to baldness. He is a quiet-spoken fellow, and one would never suspect that he was one of the great fighters of a few years ago.

This quiet person is none other than Owen Ziegler, a lightweight who began boxing in 1885 and was still going pretty good ten or twelve years ago. He was one of the Fighting Fool class of boxers. He was never content to be idle. He had to keep at his boxing steadily; at least so Ziegler thought, for he always said:—"You had to box every day and fight every other day in order to be good in my day."

This probably accounts for the fact that Ziegler took part in over 150 fights. He started as an amateur, and that start was an indication of how he would fight in the future. He had earned a name for himself in amateur circles around Lonsdale, Pa., where he was born in 1871, and finally entered the amateur championships of America, a tournament staged at the old Manhattan Opera House, in New York city, December 17 to 19, 1891.

ZIEGLER was given the task of winning his way to the crown over the combined efforts of seven antagonists and he was successful. Charley Hendrickson, Joe Harmon, Billy Vernon and Jack Fallon were his victims on the first night. On the final night he met Joe Falvey, Chuck Connors and Jack Hannagan, and they also were defeated.

The following year Ziegler turned professional and he was kept busily engaged. In two years he fought forty-four battles and was quite successful. He kept right on boxing, never missing a week. Often he managed to get in two or three bouts in one week. However, in 1894, he fought a twenty and twenty-five round contest. The twenty-round encounter was with Stanton Abbott, at Baltimore, and Owen was the winner. He held Jack Everhard to a draw in twenty-five rounds at New Orleans the same year.

Ziegler's greatest year was in 1898, when he fought sixteen bouts and of these seven went beyond ten rounds. He fought twenty-round draws with Matty Matthews and Jack Everhard, and won on a foul in seventeen rounds from Billy Ernest.

HE lost a twenty-round bout to Kid McPartland, the present day referee and boxing official in New York city; lost a twenty-five round encounter to Jack Daly, stepped fifteen rounds to a draw with Matty Matthews, their second meeting of the year, and finally drew in a ten-round affair with Charlie Burns.

(*Continued on page 26*)

"Plenty of Action" Was His Motto.

Deaf, But Not So Dumb

A Tale of the Squared Circle—Part II

By FRANK GRAHAM

WHAT WAS TOLD IN PART I

Jerry Clark and Johnny Mercer were partners in the boxing game. Several times they had pitted their boys against Pat Riley, heavyweight champion of the state, a boxer who long had passed the peak of his fighting, but who clung to his title through an uncanny ability to talk his way to victory.

Clark and Mercer, their bankroll getting thin, set on a plan to reap a fortune and incidently get revenge by importing a deaf and dumb fighter from Chicago to battle the champion. When the plans were laid, they visited the Windy City, gained the ears of Tony Kelly, Dumb Marshall's manager, and showing him how they could put across a killing by giving Marshall a fictitious name and pitting him against Riley, Kelly consented to their arrangements.

Returning to Hammersville, their native city, Clark and Mercer visited Bob Reynolds, Riley's manager, and convincing him that Marshall, who was to fight under the name of Bill Buckley, was a "ham and egger," he consented to permit his champion to fight Buckley, provided Ted Walters, matchmaker of the Hammersville A. C., would offer a fair purse for the bout. Walters, called into the conference, agrees to promote the contest under conditions outlined below.

"WELL, I'll have to take your word for it," said Walters. "If you're reasonable about your end of this match, you'll get it. But I warn you that if this guy takes a dive in the first round or so, you'll be through at the Hammersville A. C. We don't want any set ups, you know."

"Don't worry about him takin' a dive," retorted Clark. "And what do you mean about bein' reasonable? What will you give us?"

"Two hundred buttons," was the answer.

"Fair enough," said Clark. "You're on. I suppose you got the papers with you."

"I have," replied Walters, producing them and, with them, a fountain pen. For a few moments he was occupied in the blank spaces on the articles of agreement. Then he pushed them toward Clark.

"Sign on the dotted line," he said. "I made it for next Tuesday night. That's right, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Clark. He glanced carefully over the agreement and then signed it.

"It's nice that you guys got that all fixed up," commented Reynolds, drily. "But just where do I come in?"

"YOU come in right here," said Walters, indicating another dotted line below that on which Clark had signed.

"For how much?" queried Reynolds.

"For five hundred," said Walters.

"For seven hundred," corrected Reynolds.

"Seven hundred?" echoed Walters. "Seven hundred for fighting a bum from the rolling mills?"

"A bum?" Mercer demanded. "What do you mean—a bum?"

"He'll be a bum till I get this signed," said Walters, with a grin. Then to Reynolds he said:

"Come on, Bob, be yourself. Riley hasn't boxed in a month and if this falls through, there won't be a match in sight for him. Five hundred is plenty."

"Seven hundred," insisted Reynolds.

"YOU make Iron Jawed Nolan and Jack Kearns look like suckers with your demands," said Walters, "but I'll humor you some. How about six hundred? You know what we can draw. We've got to make something, even if you do think you're getting robbed."

Reynolds capitulated and though he professed to be dissatisfied with the amount, inwardly he considered that he had won a decisive victory. After all, Buckley was likely to prove to be a bum, as Walters had said and six hundred dollars for knocking off a bum wasn't a bad price.

News that a match had been made for Riley for the next weekly show of the Hammersville Athletic Club was received at Dougherty's and immediately became the chief topic of conversation there. When Clark and Mercer entered a short time after the making of the match, they answered questions concerning their latest finds with grins, offers to bet and a display of money that had been raised in a manned known only to themselves, the local pawn broker and the sleek Tony Kelly of Chicago.

"How did you come across this Buckley?" asked Dougherty, at his post behind the singing, clinking cash register.

"Oh, we just heard about him from a friend of ours in the mills," said Mercer, "and took a run down there to look him over. He's a real fighter, I tell you, and I'm looking for some dough that says he ain't."

The dough was not hard to find. Riley had built up a staunch following in Hammersville and his followers were not averse to betting on him, for in the past the wisdom of doing so had been impressed upon them by quick and easy profits. Jeff Rigney, Hammersville's biggest bettor and a man whose judgment of odds was respected—he had been a book maker on the Chicago tracks in the turf's golden days in the middle west—promptly offered to bet on Riley at 4 to 1 and his bet was as promptly taken by Mercer.

FOR the next three or four days Clark and Mercer covered all the Riley money in sight and because they were almost the only ones who cared to back Buckley, as yet nothing but a name to Hammersville, the odds remained at 4 to 1 on the champion.

"Riley can beat any of these youngsters," was the verdict of Hammersville. "If he can't do it any other way, he can talk 'em dizzy and then knock 'em out."

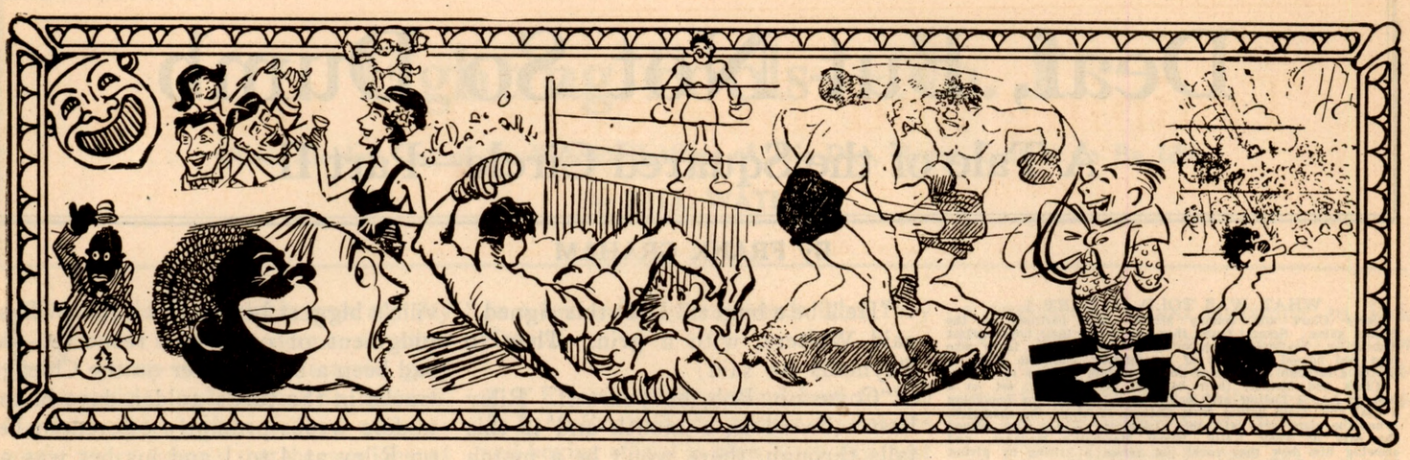
Riley, who dropped into Dougherty's at frequent intervals, treated the coming engagement lightly in his talks with the town sports.

"The tip off on Buckley," he told his admirers, "is that Clark and Mercer found him. They can find more dead ones outside a cemetery than any two other guys I ever saw."

Actually, Riley was more than a trifle apprehensive about the match. He was a tough old timer and usually he didn't look on his bouts with a feeling other than utmost confidence but there was something about this match he didn't like. In the first place, according to Reynolds, Clark and Mercer hadn't haggled over the amount of money they were to receive as they were wont to do. This and the fact that they covered bets on Riley so eagerly didn't mean anything to Reynolds, a not overbright fellow who was entrusted by Riley with ordinary match making yet whose shortcomings the champion recognized.

"I WISH I had been there when you signed them papers," said Riley, as he quit punching a bag in his training quarters the day before the fight. "I'd have made those birds loosen up and come across with some dope about Buckley. How do we know who he is? Maybe he is just some guy they picked up around the rollin' mills where they say they got him. I wouldn't be

(*Continued on page* 26)



The Funniest Thing I Ever Saw in the Ring

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A Difference in Micks

LUTHER McCARTHY, who at one time laid claim to the championship when Johnson was in universal disfavor, was boxing Al Horton in the old City Hall in Pittsburgh. McCarthy was a bigger edition of the late Stanley Ketchel, eccentric, picturesque and ever ready to "play to the galleries."

After the announcer introduced him as the "champion," which brought forth a burst of applause from the Smoky City fans, with whom he was very popular, a wag in the gallery yelled out:

"You're a fine Mick, sporting a name like Luther."

McCarty, who was bowing right and left, heard the remark and shouted back:

"I'm not from that part of Ireland. I'm a Missouri Mick."

The Fallen Patriot

ALTHOUGH it occurred four years ago, I am still chuckling over the following incident:

It was up in Torrington, Conn. A boxing benefit was going on and the main event had a local bricklayer, John Gasperini, an Italian, billed against Eddie Blake, an Irishman.

Both of the contestants had their country's flag in their respective corners, draped over the ropes. They put up a peach of a mill, a la longshoreman, with their respective, if not respectable countrymen yelling and swearing as each landed a pile-driver.

In the fourth and last stanza, Gasperini let go a left that caught Blake flush on the button. The Irishman staggered against the ropes, in his own corner, and in so doing, unloosened the Irish colors, and fell to the floor with the flag neatly dropping over him, covering his head and part of his body. The referee counted the well known "Ten" over the fallen patriot, who lay enshrouded with the flag of Erin.

(It's tough for an Irishman to tell this story.)

NORMAN DALY, New York City.

LAST summer, at Braves Field, Boston, Jack Sharkey, who was then going great guns, had a muss on his hands with that punch-proof performer, Homer Smith.

Now among the preliminary boys that night there was billed a young chap named Jimmy Maloney. Of course Maloney is near the top today, except for his virtual knockout by King Solomon, but last year he was just one of the prelims.

Jim's opponent, this particular night was a dusky warrior who carried the handle of "Honolulu Kid." According to the local sport pages these two were to furnish a "fast mill between two dangerous and evenly matched heavyweights."

Of course Maloney's fame comes through his punching ability—he carries a sock—and in those days he was punching as hard—if not harder—than today. The Honolulu Kid is today—just where he was then—in the prelims.

But on this night—they led them in—and they sat in their corners, Maloney a bit pudgy-looking, the Honolulu Kid as good a looking specimen as you'd hope to see in the ring.

The bell announced the opening of the fight and the Honolulu Kid sprang from his corner, a growl on his face enough to scare a tiger. His fists started working, the scowl became threatening, he tore at Maloney and by sheer force drove him to the ropes much after the fashion of football. Then he stood back and measured his man, ready to put across a crusher.

But then it happened—Maloney bounced off the ropes, brought over a mighty uppercut—and out went the Honolulu Kid on his feet. Having nothing to support his unconscious body he then went down, stiff, like a plummet, face down—crash.

There was a lot more resin on the canvas that night than I've ever seen, but few noticed it. Seven-eight-nine, and ten—and the Honolulu Kid was out officially, as well as physically. The night was black, the arc lights flooded the ring—and in the center lay the dark body of the Honolulu Kid.

After the count of ten one of the Kid's seconds rushed into the ring and lifted the prostrate form while the ringsiders looked on.

And they saw—the Kid had turned white!

Wow! What a sock Maloney carried! Turned a colored boy white—white as marble, hair and all. The crowd was dazed—and of course so was the Honolulu Kid.

Then the crowd came to, saw through the phenomenon—that the Kid had struck the canvas so hard that the resin dust had covered him. He couldn't have gotten whiter had he stuck his head in a flour barrel.

They sort of carried, sort of pushed the Kid out of the ring and down the aisle. When he passed me in the fourth row he was muttering—

"Where's ah at—boy, where is ah at?"

S. S. Gleason, Boston, Mass.

Training and Exercises for Boxers

Jim Corbett Tells How He Kept in Trim and Prepared for His Great Battle with John L. Sullivan.

Fifth of a series of interviews with world-famous sportsmen

By NAT FLEISCHER

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IN the series on "Training and Exercises for Boxers and Other Athletes," it is the intention of the writer to convey to The Ring readers the best available information on how to keep one's body in proper trim, especially while engaged in fitting oneself for severe athletic competition. In the present article, an interview with James J. Corbett, former world champion heavyweight, Mr. Corbett describes the system which made him a physical marvel and enabled him to mow down the great John L. Sullivan. His most interesting interview follows.

TRAINING is something one learns more about every time he undergoes it," said Jim Corbett to the writer a few weeks ago before going West for a theatrical engagement. "It's a task at best. It means privation, no pleasure, hard work and the mind forever on the same subject. But after a man has trained a few times and watched himself, he learns what is good for him, what he must do and also what he need not do.

"I have a theory that there is very little difference in conditioning a race horse and a man. A horse is taken in hand, green and soft, and slowly built up to racing form. He is never sent at top speed until he is fit. On that same line I reached the conclusion that a man should not engage in stunts while training. He should save the strength he wastes on wrestling three or four men a day and boxing a dozen men until he collapses, until he enters the ring.

"WHAT a horse is obliged to do and what is done for him I believe applies to a man. He must not be allowed to fret. His food must be of the very best and most nourishing. His exercise must begin light and end with a short 'breeze' to help improve his wind each day.

"But this working until one falls of exhaustion I believe to be nothing more or less than ruination. A boxer must be groomed and taken care of and—just this much more than the horse—he must be amused.

"I realized that soon after the Sullivan fight. That same feeling of fitness also occurred a short time after every fight I had.

"Why should a man be so different from a race horse? A race horse is slowly conditioned for a series of races, not one, and the horse seems to improve after the first one or two if light work is given him to keep him from falling off. I believe the day will come when boxers will do two or three fights with the one conditioning instead of just one. When I was training my work was light. I arose early and took a short walk to a spring from which I drank three or four glasses of water and then walked slowly home.

"Then I had breakfast, remained about for a few hours and took a long walk in which I took a sprint from time to time. I did about ten miles and finished the last half mile at a good jog, and the last few hundred yards sprinting.

"You see I always used the breezing methods followed by our friends the norses. When home I was rubbed down and took it easy till luncheon. In the afternoon I played ball, more to have my mind on the game than for exercise, and besides ball playing is a real good thing if one is careful.

"Later I got back to my old friend, the bag, and did a half hour in the same old way. Then I had my trainers turn the hose on me and had my rub down. An hour or so later came dinner and then a short cycling trip in the twilight with the

Jim Corbett playing Polo as part of his boxing training. A rare photograph.

woman I loved best. That was my method of training.

"WHEN I was matched to fight John L. Sullivan I lost no time in getting down to hard training. I went to William A. Brady's beautiful summer cottage near Asbury Park to prepare for the battle. From early in the morning until 7.30 in the evening I worked like a Trojan swimming, riding, polo playing, rowing, walking, running, playing handball, punching the bag, sparring and wrestling, working at the wrist machine or pulley weights or taking a brisk five or ten mile hike along the beautiful Jersey roads.

"I started my training every morning at 7.45 with a row for about an hour on a lake near the Brady cottage. Then came a hearty breakfast of fruit, oatmeal, soft boiled eggs, chops, potatoes and coffee, just such a breakfast as any man with a good appetite would eat. In fact my breakfast differed from the every day dinner of the average person by the absence of pastry.

"About an hour and a half after breakfast, about the time that my food was well under the process of digestion, I began my training in earnest. Clad in my white trousers, sleeveless shirt and canvas shoes, I started to develop my wrists and forearms with work on the wrist machines. Light exercise on the pulley weights and testing the medicine ball followed.

"Then came a little handball game. I was an excellent player and enjoyed that part of my training immensely. I usually played against my trainer, Bill Delaney, and my sparring partner, Jim Daly, and two more men, and invariably I came through victorious. This increased my agility and gave me plenty of wind.

"After two or three games I wrestled for half an hour with Jim Daly and followed that with a plunge into the surf. A rub down with alcohol was followed by a light, ordinary lunch. Then came a rest of a couple of hours with a little occasional nap in the hammock and the afternoon's work was on.

"This varied little from morning exercises, except that the monotonous task of working at the pulleys constituted a good portion of the training. Some more handball and baseball and Jim Daly and I donned the gloves for some sparring. Daly always endeavored to corner me while I practiced planting my favorite blows on Jim. When well warmed up I rushed into the gymnasium proper in the barn, there stripped and sailed into the punching bag with a vengeance.

"Ofttimes for thirty minutes without a letup I punched away. I just loved to do that. The bag would come back from the ceiling like a rifle shot, I would duck and then send it crashing along its way again. A cold bath and rub down, followed by the donning of a heavy sweater, saw me ready for a ten mile run and walk. Another rub down, dinner, one cigar, a little rest, and my day's work was over. I was in bed each night by 10.30.

TRAINING is far different in all branches of sport now than it was when I was a boy. Particlarly so in the field of boxing. In the old days, when the stalwarts of the ring fought for a mere pittance, training was a far greater hardship than it is now. Then a man trained almost wholly for muscle and the exertion was terrific.

"Usually, shortly after 5 o'clock in the morning, the fighter was awakened from his sleep, and after bathing, dressing in thick, warm clothing, with a fur cap and a muffler during the winter months and only a cap in the summer, he was asked to do a ten mile walk before breakfast. How many boxers of the present era would consent to such procedure?

"Immediately after the return the fighter was stripped and then his handlers rubbed him with a coarse towel until his flesh was aglow. Then came a little rest of probably half an hour. Following that came one more strenuous rub, and the fighter was then hustled into his warm clothes and permitted to have a glass of wine containing a beaten egg. With that down he received his breakfast and usually ate with a tremendous appetite.

"An hour's rest and the fighter went out to do a little work. This invariably consisted in tossing a heavy ball about the ground, the object of this exercise being to develop the abdominal and leg muscles, as the fighter had to bend with each toss and then run after the ball and start anew. Following this came some weight pulling, bag punching, fighting and wrestling a suspended bag filled with oats, dumbbell lifting and a few rounds of sparring.

"Talk about your strenuous exercise, well, there was a real morning's workout! There is not a champion to-day who would undertake to go through what the boys in the old days, including myself, did to get into trim and keep in condition.

"Ofttimes in the early afternoon the trainer mapped out a small course over which they had their charge run twenty or thirty times. After he got steamed up and tired somewhat two of the trainers would line either side of the course and wearing boxing gloves would await the arrival of the runner. As the boxer ran through between the trainers they simultaneously tried to knock him down by hitting him from both sides.

RICKARD RANKS BOXERS

(*Continued from page* 6)

Negro before he boxes anybody else. And this must be this year.

Berlenbach vs. Delaney

PAUL BERLENBACH is easily No. 1 among the light heavies and Jack Delaney is just as easily No. 2. Delaney gave a fine account of himself against Berlenbach in the closing fistic sensation of 1925 and must be ranked as a dangerous contender in a return match. Mike McTigue is No. 3 and Young Stribling No. 4.

On their work in 1925 the middleweights must be rated this wise: 1, Greb; 2, Dave Shade; 3, Tiger Flowers. Then Leo Lomski, from the Coast, who before this year is out may have a lot to say about the situation. Flowers closed the year with a fine exhibition against McTigue.

Mickey Walker ranks as the best of the welters with Tommy Milligan, the European champion, No. 2, and "Sailor" Friedman No. 3. I would like to see a Milligan-Friedman fight to settle a question in my mind as to their relative merits. I regret greatly that circumstances forced the cancellation of the Walker-Milligan bout which was set for New York in January.

Kansas 'Way Down

IN my ranking of the lightweights you will find the champion listed below Sammy Mandell and Sid Terris, who to my mind are the leaders of the division from every angle.

Among the junior lightweights you will find Ballerino, the deposed champion, 'way down in the list, with Morgan, Joe Glick, Mike Dundee and Honeyboy Finnegan at the head of the division. I expect great things of Morgan, who should put some pepper into a hitherto neglected division.

The question as to who is the best featherweight was settled definitely as 1925 was going out. Louis (Kid) Kaplan outclassed Babe Herman. Jimmy McLarnin, the comer from the Coast, may provide the most excitement in this class before 1926 passes into ring history.

Suggs among the bantams, La Barba among the flyweights,—and the list is completed. My first fifteen in each class will be found on another page. Space forbids my going into details regarding my reasons for the various placings. But there was a definite reason, based on ring results, for the ratings from one down to fifteen.

As for the outlook for 1926 and the chances of continued tenure for various title holders, that's another story which I may write for an early issue of The Ring.

The Ring in Verse

GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE PAST

No. 1

Terry McGovern

(First of a Series on Famous Fighters)

By Ray Hoppman

TERRY McGOVERN, long gone to his rest.
Terry of Brooklyn was one of the best.
Many an old-timer heaves a deep sigh
For Terrible Terry, "The broth of a bye."

TERRIBLE TERRY, oh, how he could fight!
How he could sock with his left and his right!
Having none, if you please, of the ring's clever tricks,

TERRIBLE TERRY, whose heart knew no fear,
Terrible Terry, whose name brings a tear.
A flash of the eye and a shake of the head,
Terence McGovern of Brooklyn, now dead

HE went like a whirlwind through all of his foes
Till he fell from the force of Young Corbett's stout blows.
And falling, he gave up the crown he held dear,
That broke Terry's heart and it killed his career!

AH well, there's a time when they all meet defeat,
You know the old saying, the bitter and sweet.
Be that as it may, in the ring's book of fame,
On the very front page, you will find Terry's name.

TERRENCE McGOVERN, once featherweight champ,
In the annals of ringdom, a bright shining lamp.
Just a thought that's entwined with a cheer and a sigh
For Terrible Terry, "The broth of a bye."

Silence Is Golden

(A long way after Kipling)

By Robert L. McLaughlin

A PUG there was and he was wise,
Even as you and I.
And he offered to lick any guy his size;
In a voice that was loud and high.
Then he rushed at the "Sap" who took his dare,
With a murderous swing that clove the air,
For the other fellow wasn't there!
Even as you and I.

THEN he got a sock that was like a pair,
Even as you and I.
And he laid right down and didn't care
Whether to sleep or die.
For the other guy didn't care a bit
For the boys who shout before they hit,
He believed in "saying it with his mitt."
Even as you and I.

Pointed Pugilistic Paragraphs

By Jay J. Thomas

Never thrust forth your chin just to show the boys you're tough,
For no matter where you put it, they will find it soon enough.

Keep your eyes open, mouth closed,
Block with your gloves instead of your nose.
If you lead with your chin, your troubles begin.

The world loves a good catcher, but the Bible says: "The Lord loves the cheerful giver," and they pay a pitcher more.

When the manager says, "He can't hurt us,"
It isn't his features the boys will muss.

There is one alibi that always does good—
"I never could fight, but I sure thought I could."

When in doubt, clout; if you are wrong, you will soon find out.

You can teach them socks and cleverness and sometimes win much fame,
But if the "hound" is in them, you can never make them game.

You can lead with your left, it is safe in most cases,
In reserve hold a trusty old right;
But if you stop a "cross," in the place where your face is—
Bon soir, adios, in plain English, "Good night."
A few more words of wisdom

To this rule you must cling:
Look for sympathy in the dictionary,
But experience you'll find in the ring.

"Easy Come—Easy Go" Was His Slogan

By Norman Daly

I CHANCED to see a broken fighter
'Neath the lights of Gay Broadway,
But vice had marred his former manhood
And had torn his strength away.
All hope, it seemed to me, was ended,
For he shuddered in despair.
His broken ways could not be mended
Nor could he, his foolish life, repair.

HE'S alone in the Valley of Nobody Cares—
A forgotten idol—just trudging along.
Now a subject of whispers; an object of stares;
Poor fellow! he played the cards wrong.
His coming and going does not cause a stir,
Things go right on just the same.
Nobody has time to feel sorry for him—
He's gone! and it's all in the game.

HIS past a dream he hates to recall
Mingled with wine and with song
"Easy Come—Easy Go" was his slogan,
Till he found his slogan was wrong.
He'll just trod along a few more years;
Lines will grow deep in his face.
Then he'll drop out—he'll just disappear
AS ANOTHER DAMN FOOL TAKES HIS PLACE!

Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Feature Service

THE following interesting matter appeared in a recent issue of the Sydney Referee of Australia. The article, based on quick wittedness in the ring, illustrates how a fighter, even when outclassed, can stage a comeback by following his adversary. Herewith is the article in full:

"Frequently have I seen defeat where a little thought might have brought about an opposite result.

"How different with Tommy Burns! Whatever could be said against him as a man in ordinary business, he was a very brainy, resourceful fellow in the ring. The only real mistake he ever made was in absolutely giving himself to Jack Johnson by forcing the fighting all the way. That was suicide so self-evident that the merest tyro in knowledge of boxing must have noticed it. Tommy lost his head that day, if he never lost it before or since.

"The knock-down suffered by him in the first round, perhaps, had a lot to do with his rotten judgment. He told me afterwards that he knew little or nothing about the fighting till the seventh round had gone.

"When Burns fought Bill Squires in California, Squires swung a right to Tommy's temple with such unusual power that Burns' wits were aglimmering in a moment, and remained so, more or less, over several seconds. Only his will-power kept him on his feet. He was just sufficiently conscious of the situation to be able to hiss, "Come on, you ——, you're not in Australia now!" This challenge, muttered as determinedly as possible in the circumstances, caused Bill to stand off for a while. Had he gone after his man straightaway he might have won there and then. Burns soon recovered himself, and waded in to such purpose that the battle began and ended inside one round.

"The Australian knew he had clouted the American heavily, and was taken aback when he saw no apparent effect.

"Then we learned that Squires had lost his punch. Had Bill given the matter a little intelligent, quick thought he must have known that he hurt his opponent, particularly as that person moved round well out of range until his jumbled senses became clear.

"The next time Burns' quick thinking pulled him through was when he met Bill Lang in Melbourne. Bill placed a left hook with remarkable accuracy, and no inconsiderable amount of power. Down crashed Tommy like a poled ox. Both feet went clean over his head as he flopped on his back. He rose at once and charged after the retreating Lang, much to the joy of the crowd, which applauded uproariously. After the contest I remarked while talking to Burns that I thought he was very foolish to rise so quickly when he might have remained on the floor several seconds longer, and so allowed himself a chance to, as far as possible, recover.

"I think I did the right thing," said he. "I was rattled a bit. If I had taken the count on the floor Lang would have known that he had punished me severely, and would have been on top of me in a moment. As it was I made it appear that the danger was for him."

Sol Levinson's Widow Continues His Boxing Glove Business

By MYRTLE THELEN

IT is a far cry from a cook stove to making boxing gloves for fighters, but Mrs. Sol Levinson, San Francisco woman, in making that jump, has proved that not only can a woman succeed in this unique business, but that she can make a greater success of it than a man.

From the heavy gloves made for Dempsey to the small ones made for Gabor Bagi, midget on the Orpheum circuit, Mrs. Levinson makes them all.

She took over the business at the death of her husband, seven months ago, and in the short time she has controlled it she has more than doubled the trade it took Sol Levinson 30 years to build up.

HOW do I do it? It's easy; common sense and hard work," said Mrs. Levinson. "The gloves are all made by hands and I examine and pass on every pair that goes out. Quite a bit of the work is done in private homes, and the finishing touches are given in the office.

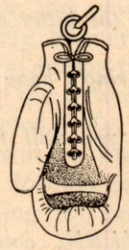
"Fighters have different size hands. Jack Dempsey has the largest ones I ever fit. It is little wonder he is a champion. He also wears a heavier glove than most of the profession and with his fist doubled up—well, I'm glad I don't receive any of his blows.

"I furnished the gloves for the Rosenberg-Lynch match the other night. Rosenberg has a comparatively small hand—not much larger than my own."

MRS. LEVINSON has a small case containing strips of paper showing the exact measurements of all the present day champions' hands. A mouse could comfortably fit in the thumb of some of the gloves.

"The gloves we make have a knuckle protector and a double grip," she said. "Shortly after my husband went in the business, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Jeffries complained of their gloves splitting. So Sol invented a new glove that eliminated the fault."

Mrs. Levinson turns out an average of 200 sets of gloves each week and a great many of the orders come from London, Paris, Australia and Argentina.



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Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

(*Special Correspondence of* THE RING)

PARIS, January 3.—The most interesting bout that has been pulled off in Europe since the Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki encounter, "The Lion of the Pyrenees," and the German "Tiger," Hans Breitenstraeter. The German had a great reputation throughout all of Europe, and the majority of the fight experts prior to the battle felt convinced that the "Lion" in his eighth fight under the able tuition of General Descamps and Georges Carpentier, would go down in defeat. But the experts were wrong and the "Lion" added one more to his knockout record.

Before the fight Descamps was of the opinion that his battler would win before the eighth round. He came near doing that when in the seventh session he had the German down twice. The second time Breitenstraeter was saved from being counted out by the bell. Paolino was handicapped to a considerable extent by a cut over the eye which was caused by a butt.

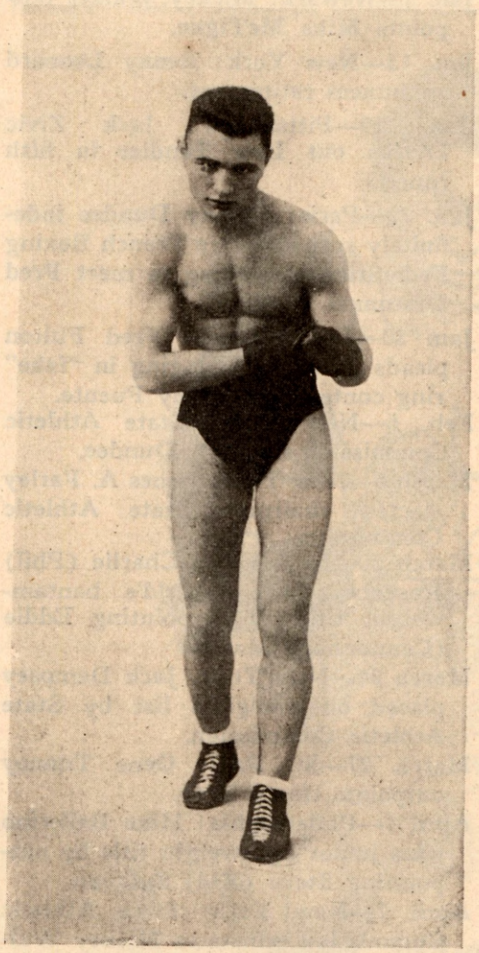
The report that Paolino was twenty pounds heavier than the German is incorrect. He had twelve pounds six ounces the better of the weights, which among heavyweights amounts to little. The defeat of the German caused great sadness among the "fans." He was a great favorite with his people. Paolino, however, received a big ovation from the big crowd in attendance.

Has Not Beaten Spalla

THERE is only one man of any account that the "Lion" has not defeated in Europe, and that is Spalla of Italy, the European champion. Paolino wanted to fight him this season but on account of a bad hand Spalla had the match set forward to next May.

There was a match arranged for Paolino with the Candian champion Soldier Jones to be held in Barcelona, Spain, during December, but the chief of police refused to issue a permit for the reason that a fight held there previously between the two American negroes, Jack Taylor and Al. Baker, was a fake. The affair ended in the third round when the referee ordered both men from the ring. The customers then took a hand ni the matter and practically wrecked the building.

For some time to come there will be a ban on boxing in Barcelona. In the meantime Paolino and Jones, who are on the level, have to bear the brunt of what the chief of police thought of the Taylor and Baker affair.



Kid Francis
Whom Robertson rates best bantam in Europe

The semi-final to the Paolino-Breitenstraeter fight in Berlin was the middleweight contest between the German fighter, Domgartin, and the Frenchman of the Descamps stable, Molina. That fight had been looked upon as a cinch for Domgartin, who was all set for a trip to the States after winning. The best he could get from the tough French boy was a draw, and he was extremely lucky in getting that. The "fans" of the late enemy country were exceedingly fair and the decision of a draw was loudly resented by calls of "Molina wins."

"Lion" Boxes "Orchid Man"

A COUPLE of days after fighting in Germany Paolino was seen at a boxing entertainment given at the Salle Wagram arena, in Paris. "The Lion of the Pyrenees" gave an exhibition with Georges Carpentier. The bout was a two-round affair and the "Lion" displayed the fact that, since he has had the benefit of instruction from the members of the Descamps stable, he has improved to a wonderful extent.

Before joining the stable the "Lion" had nothing but a swinging style of fighting. Now he is a fairly finished boxer, and with his improvement, and his terrific punching power he must now be considered as one of the most promising contenders for the crown held by Champion Jack Dempsey.

Ted Lewis Is Through

TED "KID" LEWIS, former welterweight champion of the world, experienced in a bout held in Manchester, England, recently against the negro, Len Johnson, what is surely the crowning indignity of a one time great career. The bout was scheduled for fifteen rounds. He retired at the end of the ninth, on account of an injury to the wrist, he said. He was booed for some time by the unsympathetic crowd.

Henri Seille, of Belgium, the bantamweight champion of Europe, easily retained his title in a match recently held at the Salle Wagram, Paris, with the French challenger, Algerian Ascensio. The Frenchman started well and took the first round rather easily. The Belgian then got down to serious work and he annexed the nine remaining sessions.

At a recent entertainment given at the Cirque de Paris, Kid Socks, the English flyweight whom many in England term a second Jimmy Wilde, fought his French champion, Morrachini, in a ten-round bout. The decision went to the Englishman, and it caused considerable disturbance in the audience when it was announced so. The judges were pelted with rolls of paper and a little fruit from the hands of the boys upstairs.

Decision Is a Mystery

HOW the judges ever arrived at such a decision was a mystery to many boxing experts that were present. Still

the amateur judges may have been correct and the experts wrong. The bout was for ten rounds. Socks had the second, fifth and ninth rounds, with one even. The balance were all clearly in favor of the Frenchman. After the fight Socks appeared very badly cut up while the French lad did not have a mark on him. It was a bad decision and the boys upstairs could not be blamed much for their unruly behavior.

At the same entertainment Kid Francis, the new French bantamweight champion, met the much touted English lad, Len George, and although the Englishman lasted out the ten rounds he received a terrible lacing from the clever, hard-hitting French lad. Francis floored the Briton seven times during the rounds, the bell came to George's assistance on two occasions, and by holding on tactics he managed to stay the limit. From start to finish George never had a chance with the French lad.

Jack Walker, an American negro middleweight, who has been battling around Europe for the past six or seven years, recently defeated Georges Rouquet, of France, in a hard fought fight which went the ten-round limit. The fight was what might be called one sided and all to the advantage of Walker, still Rouquet put up a hard and game fight, which made it interesting to watch.

Joe at It Again

THERE is more talk of the former champion heavyweight of England, Joe Beckett, re-entering the ring. Joe, who has been flattened as frequently as Fred Fulton, is still a big favorite with the English fans, one reason for that is, even with his big string of knockouts against him, he has always been on the level, except when on the canvas. Possibly Phil Scott, who was flattened a few months ago by Paolino in Spain, will be opponent for old Joe if the latter finally decides to re-enter the ring.

General Descamps and his stable of fighters may not sail for the States at all. It was the intention to have left France in December, but there has been some shift made in the match between Carpentier and Jim Delaney, which was to have been fought at Los Angeles on January 31. The fight, if it ever takes place, will be a month or so later, and Carpentier will not have to report in California before the middle of January. In the meantime Descamps has secured some good matches in Europe for Molina and Fritsch, which will make it worth his while to remain over till after the first of the year.

Outstanding Events on 1925 Boxing Calendar

Jan. 2—New York: Louis (Kid) Kaplan wins featherweight title tournament by knocking out Danny Kramer in ninth round.

San Francisco: First bouts under new boxing law are held.

Jan. 7—Newark: Mickey Walker outpoints Mike McTigue.

Jan. 15—New York: Benny Leonard announces retirement.

Jan. 19—Pittsburgh: Jack Zivic knocks out Lew Tendler in fifth round.

Jan. 22—Paris: Johnny Dundee indefinitely suspended by French Boxing Federation for failing to meet Fred Dretonnel.

Jan. 30—Los Angeles: Fred Fulton pleads guilty to engaging in "fake" ring contest with Tony Fuente.

Feb. 6—New York: State Athletic Commission suspends Dundee.

March 6—New York: James A. Farley elected chairman State Athletic Commission.

March 20—New York: Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg wins world's bantamweight title by outpointing Eddie (Cannonball) Martin.

March 24—New York: Jack Dempsey placed on ineligible list by State Athletic Commission.

March 27—St. Paul: Gene Tunney outpoints Harry Greb.

April 1—Philadelphia: Mike Ballerino wins junior lightweight title by outpointing Steve (Kid) Sullivan.

April 7—New York: State Athletic Commission reinstates Mickey Walker, Mike McTigue and Johnny Dundee.

May 2—Manilla: Pancho Villa retains world's flyweight title against Clever Sencio.

May 5—New York: Sid Terris outpoints Johnny Dundee in final match in old Madison Square Garden.

May 22—Waterbury: Louis (Kid) Kaplan knocks out Steve (Kid) Sullivan in fifth round.

May 30—New York: Paul Berlenbach wins world's light-heavyweight title by outpointing Mike McTigue.

June 5—New York: Gene Tunney knocks out Tom Gibbons in 12th round.

July 2—New York: Harry Greb gets decision over Mickey Walker.

Harry Wills knocks out Charlie Weinert in second round.

July 13—New York: Jimmy Goodrich wins lightweight title tournament by knocking out Stanislaus Loayza in second.

July 14—San Francisco: Pancho Villa dies.

July 19—New York: Vincent (Pepper) Martin dies.

July 23—New York: Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg knocks out Eddie Shea.

Aug. 22—Los Angeles: Fidel La Barba wins American flyweight title by outpointing Frankie Genaro.

Aug. 27—Waterbury: Louis (Kid) Kaplan obtains draw with Babe Herman in defense of feather title.

Sept. 21—New York: Mickey Walker outpoints Dave Shade in defending welter title.

Sept. 29—Niles, Mich.: Harry Wills and Jack Dempsey sign for 1926 match.

Oct. 12—New York: Paul Berlenbach knocks out King Solomon.

Oct. 26—Newark: Harry Wills knocks out Floyd Johnson in first.

Nov. 25—Newark: Mickey Walker outpoints Sailor Friedman.

Dec. 2—Jimmy McLarnin knocked out Jackie Fields at Los Angeles.

Dec. 7—Buffalo: Rocky Kansas wins world's lightweight title by outpointing Jimmy Goodrich.

Dec. 9—Tod Morgan of Vallejo won junior lightweight title by defeating Mike Ballerino.

Dec. 11—New York: Paul Berlenbach outpoints Jack Delaney in defense of light heavyweight title.

Dec. 18—New York: Louis (Kid) Kaplan outpoints Babe Herman.

Fred Waiting for Johnny

FRED BRETONNEL, the French lightweight that Johnny Dundee ran out on in Paris about a year ago, is very anxious to get a crack at Dundee, and he says that if Johnny will not come to France to fight him he is perfectly willing to make a trip to the States for the match. Bretonnel is a good fighter and he and Johnny look as if it might be a good attraction in the States.

Heavyweights are certainly very scarce in Europe—I mean fairly good ones—with the exceptions of Spalla and Paolino. along in fine shape.

My Hardest Fight

By PETE HERMAN

(Former World Bantamweight Champion)

I DIDN'T think there was a man my height and weight on the face of the globe that could hurt me. I fought them all, big and small, but, as a general rule, I came out of battle unscathed.

I was feared because I was acknowledged to be second to none at infighting. You remember how I used to let fly both hands to the body, bombarding the midsection until the referee ordered us to break. That was my main asset. I usually beat down most of my opponents in close.

Along came a piece of steel concealed in the person of Kid Williams, and I must confess he made me wince from body blows, taking the play out of my hands, so to speak. Gee, couldn't that Dane punch!

Long will live in my memory the twenty rounds we fought in the Louisiana Auditorium at New Orleans, back in 1917. The Kid was the champion, one of the greatest in ring history. The fact that I was a home-town product and the challenger brought out a record crowd.

People fought to get into the place. It was the greatest fight night in the Crescent City since 1892. During the month of September of that year a fistic carnival extending over three nights put New Orleans on the fistic map. The late George Dixon knocked out Jack Skelly, Jack McAuliffe successfully defended his lightweight laurels against Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone, and the mighty John L. fell before the onslaughts of the gingery Jim Corbett.

Weigh in at 118 Pounds

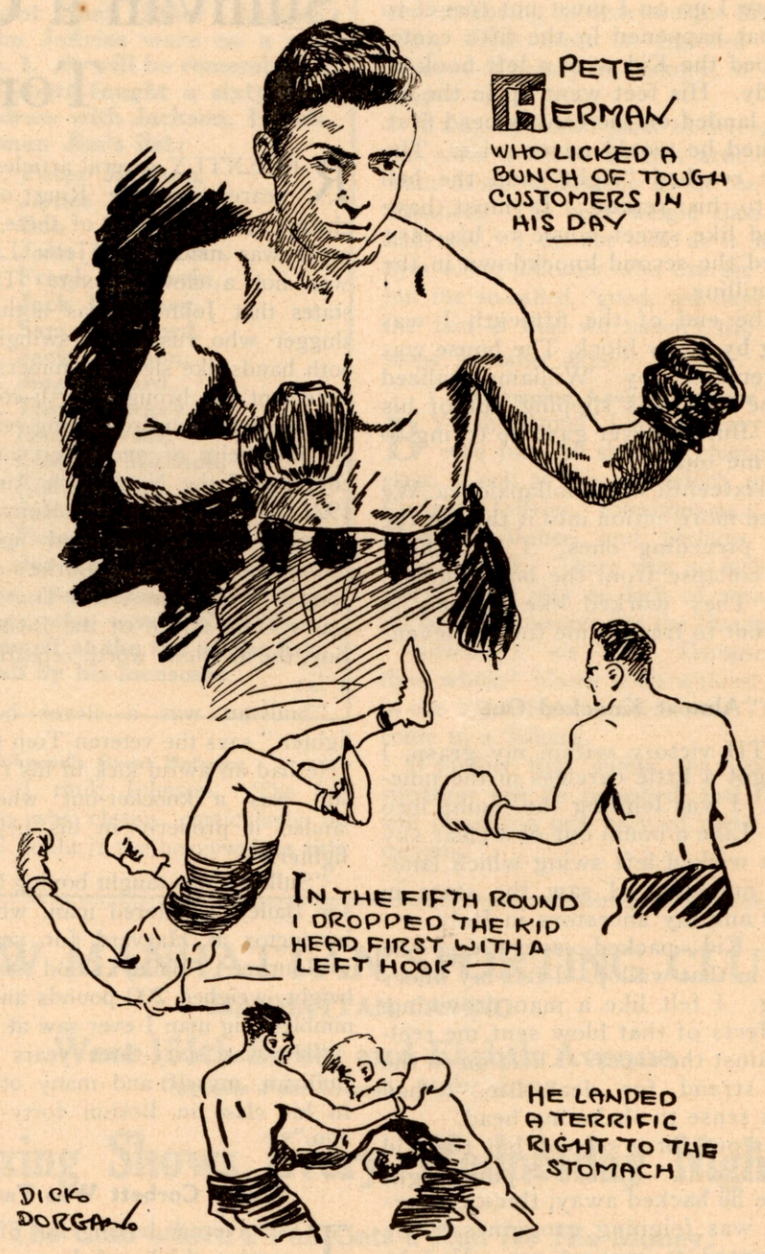
THE Kid and I weighed in at 118 pounds. Williams was in the greatest shape of his career. Lucky for me I was right at the peak of my form. In those days the Kid was a cocky individual. He thought he could lick a flock of Pete Hermans, with Jack Johnson and Jess Willard thrown in for good measure.

Williams tore in at the tap of the first gong, determined to end matters right there and then. He started to work on the body, putting over some short jolts. Every blow carried a stick of dynamite. In the middle of the first round he landed a terrific left hook right in the pit of the stomach. The effect of the blow made me dizzy.

The Kid was winging in front right up to the end of the third stanza. Beginning the fourth I got myself together, punching him all over the ring. For the first time my horde of friends had a chance to howl. The Kid was furious. But I managed to hold him at bay by crossing the right to the chin opportunely.

We fought toe to toe in the next three sessions. He figured that he couldn't hurt me hitting me on the chin, so he concentrated all his efforts on the body. He forced me to break ground when I tried to keep pace with him in close.

Left hooks to the face stopped the Kid dead in his tracks more times than I can remember. But the harder I hit the faster he came tearing in, belting the body for all he was worth. At the end of the tenth my handlers told me I was in front by a small margin.



Fresh When Eleventh Started

THE Kid was as fresh as a daisy when the bell for the eleventh sounded. Blows flew thick and fast in

the resin dust. The crowd was in an uproar. They saw visions of a new champion.

Williams had a habit of using his head when his fists failed him. Every time he piled in head first I would follow suit. We must have bunked heads two or three times in each succeeding round. I was on to his game, and that made him all the more rough.

I staggered him once or twice with pile-driving rights on the whiskers. Apparently the blows didn't please him, because he continued to fight back like a madman. I knew I had a fight on my hands, so decided to give all that was in me.

Before I go on I must not forget to tell what happened in the fifth canto. I dropped the Kid with a left hook to the body. His feet went up in the air and he landed on the canvas head first. It seemed he would never arise. The referee reached "eight" and the bell came to his rescue. It must have sounded like sweet music to his ears. I scored the second knockdown in the early milling.

At the end of the fifteenth I was leading by a city block. The house was in a frenzy of joy. Williams realized that the title was slipping out of his hands. But he never gave up trying to knock me out.

The sixteenth was a lollapalooza. We crowded more action into it than in the fifteen preceding ones. I thought I would collapse from the body punishment. They worked like demons in the corner to freshen me for the seventeenth.

Almost Knocked Out

WITH victory within my grasp, I got a little careless in the nineteenth. I was feinting the champ into knots. Like a bomb out of a clear sky came a wicked left swing which landed on my chin. I saw the stars in heaven and my ancestors in Italy.

The Kid packed everything he owned in that wallop. I felt my knees sinking. I felt like a man drowning. The effects of that blow sent me reeling against the ropes. I held on to the upper strand for dear life. I had enough sense to shake my head.

I was out for a second, but the Kid didn't know it. Instead of piling right into me he backed away, thinking perhaps I was feigning grogginess. He had learned to respect me. Had he thought that I was out on my feet, he would have finished the fight then and there.

As long as I live I shall never forget the sting behind that punch.

I came to and then I was fighting him off his feet at the bell. The twentieth and last round was fast and furious every second of the three minutes. The referee lifted my arm in token of victory.

I was crowned champion and all that, but I wished I had never fought him. I had nearly collapsed at the end of the fight. For two or three days afterward I had terrible pains in my stomach. The Kid nearly caved me in. He was a tough customer, believe me.

Some persons have quoted me as having stated that Jimmy Wilde gave me my hardest fight in London right after I blew the "duke" to Joe Lynch, but this is not so. Kid Williams was the boy who made me wish I had never laced a glove on my hands. Next to Williams, Johnny Fisse, a schoolmate, raised Cain with me in the ring. You see my flat nose; he flattened it with straight left jabs. We fought eight or nine times.

Sullivan a Clever Fighter, Says Tom O'Rourke

RECENTLY several articles have appeared in The Ring on former champions and in one of these the statement was made that John L. Sullivan was not a clever boxer. The article states that John L. was nothing but a slugger who rushed in swinging wildly both hands like sledge hammers, and this statement has brought forth considerable adverse comment from Ring readers. We are in receipt of one letter containing a clipping of the New York American of 1921, in which Damon Runyon, world famous sports critic and fight expert comments on Tom O'Rourke's opinion on John L.'s cleverness. As Tom O'Rourke was a close friend of the Boston Strong Boy, the article is worth repeating. Here it is:

"Sullivan was a clever boxer, and fighter," says the veteran Tom O'Rourke. "He had an awful kick in his right hand, and was a knocker-out whenever he landed it properly in his heydey as a fighter.

"Sullivan was taught boxing by Professor Bailey, a colored man, who was an instructor at Harvard for years," says O'Rourke. "Bailey stood six feet in height, weighed 200 pounds and was the nimblest big man I ever saw at his age.

"He was sixty-three years old when Sullivan, myself and many others were in his class in Boston forty-five years ago."

Where Corbett Was Taught

THE average boxing fan of this generation thinks of James J. Corbett as the daddy of the scientific school.

Of Corbett, Tom says:

"He was taught boxing by Walter Watson, the instructor of the Olympic Club, of San Francisco. Watson fought Mike Donovan twice.

"Corbett was first brought to notice by Billy Delaney, when he boxed Peter Jackson a no decision contest at the California A. C. in San Francisco.

"It was Delaney who hired Jim Jeffries to work with Corbett in training when Jeff was merely a big, green boy, and it was due to both Delaney and Corbett that Jeffries was first heard of, and through Delaney's persistence that Jeff was brought to the front and made champion.

"I was directing the Lenox A. C. when Delaney brought Jeff East to box Bob Armstrong and Steve O'Donnell the same night for me. Delaney was always the man behind the gun when it came to either Corbett or Jeffries fighting, although another person has tried to claim that distinction."

Foley Taught Fitzsimmons

"BOB FITZSIMMONS," continued Tom, "was developed and taught boxing by Harry Foley, of Sydney, Australia, who was a pupil of Jem Mace.

"Foley was a master developer of boxers. Besides Fitzsimmons he produced Young Griffo, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, and many of the best men who came here during the early invasion of America by fighters from Australia.

"George Dixon and Joe Walcott were both developed and taught by myself. I took Dixon as a raw recruit from the preliminary class. He was then a one-handed fighter, but I made him the greatest two-handed fighter the world has ever had.

"Within two years after I started instructing him, Dixon won the championship of three countries and of the world. He beat Billy Willis, the pride of Australia, at the California Athletic Club before I took him to England, where he whipped Nunc Wallace. Dixon was the greatest fighter I ever saw."

Sullivan and Dempsey on Same Pedestal as Greatest "Heavies," Says Charley Harvey

By CHARLES J. HARVEY

I BELIEVE that I have seen all the greatest heavyweights of ring history. I was at old Gilmore's garden when John L. Sullivan fought Herb Slade, Tug Wilson and Charley Mitchell. I saw Peter Jackson in his best days. I saw Jim Jeffries as the champion, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jess Willard, Jim Corbett,—oh, all of 'em.

I think I am qualified to discuss this question as to who ranks as the greatest heavyweight. I would say that two boxers merit being rated on an even plane —John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey. It's difficult for me to give either man the edge. And let me say that in being placed on the same pedestal with Sullivan, Dempsey attains a most distinctive honor. He must stand pretty high in my estimation to warrant my regarding Jack as the equal of the great John L.

There are many points of similarity in the styles of Sullivan and Dempsey. John L. was a rushing, tearing, two fisted fighter with a terrific punch. He was big and fast, courageous to the limit, ever willing to fight—a hero with the populace.

Jack Also a Rusher

DEMPSEY also is a rushing scrapper —a man with a finishing punch in either hand, fast and clever to a marked degree for a heavyweight of that particular method. I doubt if the ring ever produced a more effective piece of work than that with which Dempsey won the title from Willard. True, Jess was no great champion. But he was a better man than is generally believed and Jack made him look foolish.

The manner in which Dempsey battered the gigantic Willard to a pulp made me hark back to the days of Sullivan. With all due respect to the crashing prowess of the Boston Strong Boy, I doubt if he could have done that particular job with the neatness and despatch exhibited by Dempsey.

Behind Sullivan and Dempsey I rate Jeffries. Here was a man with terrific power—marked ability to take punishment, as he showed in his fight with Corbett— marked ability to hand out punishment, as he demonstrated when he took the title from Fitzsimmons—and a fine defence. Jeffries was a long time in getting roiled. But once aroused he was as great a fighter as we ever have had.

JIM CORBETT RANKS GREATEST HEAVYWEIGHTS

"WHO was the greatest heavyweight of all time, of course, disregarding yourself?" Jim Corbett was asked by The Ring recently. The onetime champion responded with the statement that Peter Jackson and Jim Jeffries were on a par for No. 1. It will be remembered that Corbett fought a sixty one round draw with Jackson. Here's Gentleman Jim's list:

1. **Peter Jackson, James J. Jeffries.**
2. **Bob Fitzsimmons.**
3. **John L. Sullivan.**
4. **Frank P. Slavin, Jack Dempsey.**
5. **Sam Langford.**
6. **Jack Johnson.**
7. **Jess Willard.**
8. **Tom Sharkey, Harry Wills.**
9. **Charley Mitchell, Kid McCoy.**
10. **Jake Kilrain.**
11. **Peter Maher, Joe Choynski.**

There are thousands of ring followers who would place Corbett himself at the top of the list, No. 1, all by his lonesome.

Johnson's Great Defence

THEN I rank Johnson. The big negro was clever, particularly on defence. I doubt if the heavyweight title ever has been held by a better defensive boxer than Johnson—and I saw the highly scientific Corbett in his prime. Johnson was a hard hitter and a wily hombre every minute he was in the ring. His star was dimmed by the Willard knockout at Havana.

The fact that Willard was able to take the title from the negro reduced Johnson's standing in heavyweight history—a thing which must be deplored for the sake of accuracy in history, if nothing else.

It may be out of place to diverge from the main question in this article, but I want to say something about the general situation. The heavyweight class is in a bad way. I do not look at it with the eyes of an oldtimer who can see nothing but the so-called "good, old days." But the fact is that we haven't the "shortstops" of other days.

Champion Lacks Incentive

BY "shortstops" I mean heavyweights who just fell short of championship class. Look at the age which produced Corbett, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin, Sharkey, Maher, and perhaps half a dozen others. There was no lack of interest, there was no lack of action, and no lack of incentive for the champion.

Nowadays we have Dempsey—and then, whom? Harry Wills without a doubt is the best of the contenders. Then we come to a Sahara.

I predict that within ten years this situation will be remedied, and that we will develop a new crop of great heavyweights.

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DEAF, BUT NO SO DUMB

(*Continued from page* 15)

surprised, because that's just about their speed. But I don't know what to think."

Reynolds stared at Riley in surprise. "Why, Pat," he said, "I never heard you talk like this before. What's eatin' you? Ain't scared, are you?"

"No, you bone head!" thundered the champion. "No, I ain't scared. But when a couple of tramps like Clark and Mercer suddenly bob up with a lot of dough and run around bettin' it as fast as they can on a feller they say is a green horn at fightin' don't you see nothin' suspicious? No, of course you don't because you ain't got brains enough. Use your skull once in a while and don't be so quick to want to know if I'm scared because I ask a couple of questions. At that, I ain't got much more brains than you have. If I had I'd——"

REYNOLDS didn't stop to find out what it was Riley would do if he had the requisite amount of brains. He fled the small gymnasium and did not approach the champion again until that night, when Riley once more was as urbane as ever.

THE 5:30 accomodation that rolled into Hammersville on the night of the fight bore Buckley (nee Marshall) and Kelly and was met at the station by Clark and Mercer. The four repaired to the Hammersville House, where a room had been engaged for them. There was no occasion for Buckley to be seen in public until the time came for him to enter the ring and Clark and Mercer carefully had planned to the end that he wouldn't. Only the decrepit night clerk, just going on duty at the hotel, knew that the larger and better looking of the two strangers who accompanied Clark and Mercer was the man to be pitted against Riley that night and he didn't care.

As Buckley dozed on the bed, resting after the tiresome train ride from Chicago, Clark, Mercer and Kelly went over for the last time the details of the scheme they had formulated to bring about the downfall of Riley.

"I've coached him good," Kelly told his fellow conspirators. "We're to talk to him his corner, like you said, just as if he could understand what we say to him and he's to nod his head and move his lips as if he was talkin' to us. What a sucker we'll make out of Riley before we get through with him."

BRAMWELL HALL, in Hammersville, was given over to many forms of entertainment. One night it might be the setting for an amateur musicale, the next for a dog show or a violin recital. Occasionally, too, a road show played there. Every Tuesday night a ring was pitched on the stage and a series of glove fights was held. As often as an opponent could be obtained for him, Pat Riley figured in the main bout.

On this particular night, the hall was jammed with an eager, restless crowd. Unusual interest was added tc Riley's appearance on the card because he was to fight an unknown Unknowns hold a strange lure for fol lowers of events pugilistic, the very uncertainty that surrounds their skill being the magnet that draws the crowd. Signs posted on the walls of the hall warned that betting was prohibited but, needless to say, this did not keep the speculatively inclined from betting. There were numerous wagers laid at the ringside, those who wagered on Buckley being impelled to do so almost solely by the odds, which remained at 4 to 1 on Riley. Pat said the wise ones would find the unknown the easiest kind of picking. Pat hadn't intimated to the wise ones that he had any doubt on that score.

The preliminaries out of the way, there was a stir in the crowd as a blond young man, a faded bath robe covering his figure but failing to conceal the breadth of his shoulders and the depth of his chest, climbed through the ropes and squatted on a stool in the corner assigned to him. Clark had preceded him up the short flight of steps to the ring. Behind him came Mercer and a swarthy fellow who was a stranger to the crowd.

THEN ,as the crowd buzzed with comment on his appearance, following a perfunctory cheer to which he had responded with a wave of the hand, he gazed over the heads of the spectators in the floor seats to the small balcony, crammed so full it seemed in imminent danger of crashing down upon the mass on the floor below. Now and then he nodded as his handlers talked earnestly to him, smiling now and then as they smiled at him.

There was a shout from the crowd as down to the ring came Riley, his battered countenance stretched in a grin. Entering the ring, he glanced across to where his opponent sat but did not go near him. Part of his usual plan of battle was to ignore the man opposed to him until hostilities were about the begin. Not until the referee called the principals to the center of the ring for their instructions did Riley look carefully at the newest contender for his title. He found himself facing a strong, well molded fellow whose lips were set in a smile and who stared at him unabashed.

"Well," though Riley, "he ain't Dempsey any way."

"Hello, Buckley," he said, aloud, as he gripped the other's gloved hands. "You're another of these young fellers that's goin' to take the old man's title away, hey? Don't make me laugh!"

Buckley's smile widened, responsive to his instructions.

"YOU keep your mouth shut, Riley!" barked Mercer, who stood at Buckley's elbow, glaring at the champion in well feigned anger.

"Is that you, Mercer?" asked Riley, peering at him as though he could not believe his eyes. "Why, I heard you was run out of town because you couldn't pay the money you owed after I got through with the last stiff you dug up."

"Never mind the last stiff," angrily retorted Mercer. This time his anger wasn't feigned but very real. "You'll find this feller's no stiff. He'll have you talkin' to yourself before this is over."

"Yeh," countered Riley. "What I'm goin' to do to him will drive everybody out of the joint, includin' him."

Here the referee stepped between Mercer and the champion.

Come on, boys, that's enough," he said. "The crowd didn't come here to listen to a debate. Let's get to work."

(*To be continued*)

FIGHTING FOOLS OF RING

(*Continued from page* 14)

That kept him pretty busy. In 1900 he fought, among others, Eddie Connolly. This bout was advertised as for the welterweight championship and was staged in Hartford, Conn. Owen won by a K. O. in two rounds. The following year he toured with a show and met all comers, taking on some thirty or forty ambitious youths and winning handily. Most of these bouts were of four-round duration.

"I sure did do a lot of fighting," said Owen recently. "I guess there are some men who are fighting fools and I was one of them. It isn't the usual custom to fight as often these days as we oldtimers used to mix it up, but I am glad I lived in the day when a fighter fought and let it go at that.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

Kern Starwood, Winnipeg, Canada.

Q. (1)—What is meant by back heeling? (2) Who is the most scientific of the light heavies? (3) Did Firpo fight Bill Tate this year? (4) Who i sthe hardest hitter in the ring barring Dempsey?

A. (1)—Back heeling not countenanced. Foul blow. (2) Jack Delaney. (3) No. (4) Paul Berlenbach.

Lou Burns, New York City.

Q. (1)—What has become of Frank Ritchie? (2) Are Vic Burrone and Andy Devodi makings of champions? (3) Who would win in a Duane-Vaccarelli bout? (4) What are the nationalities of Bushey Graham and Harry Galfund?

A. (1) Still fighting. (2) Yes. (3) Duane. (4) Italian and Hebrew.

Jack Fialkoff, New York City.

Q. (1)—How would you rate the following: Harry Felix, Charley Rosen, Jack Bernstein? (2) Did Harry Felix ever knock out any one? (3) How does Felix compare with Sid Terris?

A. (1)—Bernstein, Felix, Rosen. (2) Yes. (3) Does not compare.

Len Zinberg, New York City.

Q.—How could I become a member of the A. A. U.? How can I find a manager to manage an an amateur? What does Jim Corbett do now?

A.—Get in touch with Ben Levine, at No. 305 Broadway. Corbett is on the stage.

Lenny Wyckoff, New York City.

Q. (1)—Who is the most famous boxer of today? (2) Could Jim Corbett have beaten Sullivan when John L. was in his prime?

A. (1)—Jack Dempsey. (2) No.

A Fight Fan, New York City.

Q. (1)—Is there a boxer known as Spider Roche? (2) Who would win in a Berlenbach-McTigue fight? (3) Which one of the following do you consider the best: Terris, Mandell, Seeman, Goodrich?

A. (1)—Yes. (2) Berlenbach. (3) Terris.

Arthur Coster, New York City.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Willie La Morte, Dixie La Hood, Jack Griff, Chick Kansas, Billy De Foe?

A.—Italian, French-Canadian, Italian, Italian, Scotch-Irish.

Dick Berk, New York City.

Q.—Did Jimmy O'Gatty ever fight Jack Delaney? How old is O'Gatty, how good is he rated, and what is his nationality?

A.—They fought. Called no contest. O'Gatty is twenty-three, second rater, Italian.

Charles Brandi, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Bushey Graham, Fidel La Barba and Babe Herman? Could Bushey Graham defeat Charley (Phil) Rosenberg?

A.—Italitan, Italian, Portuguese-Italian. Graham has more than an even chance of beating the champion.

A Fan, Greenwich Village, New York.

Q.—Whom did Gene Tunney fight last?

A.—John Risko.

Louis Capelli, Philadelphia.

Q. (1)—Will Kid Wolfe, of Philadelphia, fight any more? (2) What is Marty Gold's right name? (3) Do you need a license to be a sparring partner; how much do they get paid, and do you know anyone that needs a sparring partner?

A. (1)—Yes. (2) It is his right name. (3) License not necessary. Managers or fighters pay sparring partners. You can get a job by looking for one at any of the gymnasiums.

Jerry Leiton, Passaic, N. J.

Q. (1)—Who is the matchmaker of the new Garden? (2) Where must I apply for a license to box in New York State? (3) How old is Jack Dempsey? (4) Who is the leading welterweight contender? (5) Give me a list of featherweight contenders.

A. (1)—Jess McMahon. (2) New York State Athletic Commission, Flatiron Building, New York City. (3) Twenty-eight. (4) Jack Zivic. (5) Babe Herman, Honey Boy Finnegan, Eddie Anderson, Carl Tremaine, Red Chapman, Bobby Garcia, Walter Price, Bud Taylor, Tod Morgan, Vic Foley, Benny Bass, Lew Hurley.

Francis Albertanti

Sam Bernstein, New York City.

Q.—Was Ted (Kid) Lewis the best welter England ever had? How many times did he fight Jack Britton?

A.—Yes. Boxed Britton seventeen times with two exhibitions thrown in for good measure.

Matthew Brescia, Bridgeport, Conn.

Q.—Is Jack West, of Philadelphia, a coming contender for the featherweight title? Could he whip Mike Ballerino and Honey Boy Finnegan?

A.—No.

Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q. (1)—What is the nationality of Augie Ratner? (2) What is Red Chapman's given name?

A. (1)—Hebrew. (2) Morris Kaplan.

T. J. Burke, New York City.

Q.—Were the following ever knocked out and by whom: Jeff Smith, George Lavigne, Ernie Owens, Ad Stone, Sully Montgomery, Ace Hudkins, Carl Tremaine, Al Rood, Eddie Flank, Bud Taylor, Johnny Grosso, Pal Moran?

A.—Smith by Young Marullo, Lavigne by Dave Shade, Tremaine by Charley Goodman, Rood by Bob Fitzsimmons, Moran by "Mushy" Callahan.

William McKievick, Chicago.

Q. (1)—What was the result of the Bushey Graham-Joe Ryder bout? (2) What was the result of the Abe Goldstein-Pete Sarmiento bout? (3) What was the result of the Bud Taylor-Doc Snell bout?

A. (1)—Graham. (2) Never fought. (3) Taylor.

A Reader, Chatham, N. J.

Q.—What nationalities are Johnny Gill, Bud Taylor, Joey Ross, Tommy Milton, Billy Kennedy, Petie Mack and Johnny Leonard?

A.—Irish, Irish, Italian, Italian, Irish, Italian, Pole.

A Fight Fan, New York City.

Q.—Did Willie O'Connell ever beat Chick Suggs and could Willie defeat Suggs, Eddie Martin, Johnny Green, Eddie Shea, Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg and Lew Perfetti?

A.—O'Connell and Suggs have never met. Willie might have an even chance against Martin, Green and Perfetti.

F. M., Providence, R. I.

Q.—What are the measurements of a boxing ring?

A.—Twenty-four feet as a general rule. In New York State twenty-two feet.

Irving Hoffman, Minneapolis, Minn.

Q. (1)—When and whom did Charley (Phil) Rosenberg fight last? (2) What has become of Johnny Kilbane and Jack Britton?

A. (1)—Eddie Shea, at New York Velodrome, last July. (2) Both retired. Kilbane is in business in Cleveland and Britton is selling real estate at Miami, Fla.

John Cavanno, New York City.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Phil Logan, Phil Delmont and Phil Verdi?

A.—Irish, Hebrew, Italian.

Tom Mormando, New York City

Q.—Who are the three best bantam contenders and their nationalities?

A.—Bushey Graham, Italian; Bud Taylor, Irish; Chick Suggs, negro.

Ardent Fan, Rochester, N Y.

Q.—Who managed Jimmy Goodrich before Freddie Welsh took hold of him?

A.—Humbert J. Fugazy.

A Reader, Metuchen, N. J.

Q.—Give me list of matchmakers of the small clubs in Greater New York.

A.—Pioneer, Lew Raymond; New Manhattan, Johnny Attell; Uptown Lenox, Nat Rogers; Broadway S. C., Andy Neiderreiter; Ridgewood Grove, Clarence Gillespie; Commonwealth, Eddie McMahon; Queensboro Stadium, Tom McArdle; Coney Island Stadium, Joe Epstein.

One Year of Legalized Boxing in California—A Review

By BERT LOWRY

(Boxing Expert of San Francisco Bulletin)

LEGALIZED boxing in California is one year old and we natives can look back with pardonable pride at the results of the law which permits 10-round contests within the borders of the state.

Since the law went into effect, January 1, 1925, as the will of the people, the Golden Gate has produced two world champions—Fidel La Barba of Los Angeles as flyweight title holder and Tod Morgan of Vallejo, junior lightweight champion. California also produced a number of boys in other divisions, Jimmy McLarnin among them, who are destined to climb to dizzy heights. The new law put close to $135,000 from the boxing tax for the rehabilitation of disabled World War veterans.

Some people disagreed with and criticized the commission named by the governor to handle boxing affairs, Seth W. Strelinger of Los Angeles, Louis Almgren of San Diego and William Hanlon of Sacramento, for the manner in which the commission handled affairs, but one cannot overlook the fact that it was a mighty big problem undertaken by these men, that of rehabilitating boxing in California after it had lain dormant for 12 or more years.

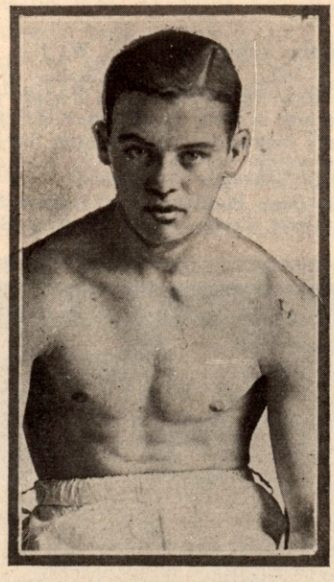
Champions Galore on Hand

IN that one year six of the nine world champions recognized by the Boxing Association and the fans have been seen in the ring in California.

These champions were Fidel La Barba, flyweight title holder; Charley Phil Rosenberg, bantamweight; Kid Kaplan, featherweight; Tod Morgan, junior lightweight; Mickey Walker, welterweight, and Jack Dempsey, heavyweight. The latter, though, confined himself to exhibition bouts.

Two world champions who lost their titles in the state were Frankie Genaro, flyweight, and Mike Ballerino, junior lightweight. Pancho Villa, now dead, did not lose any titles he may have held when he met Jimmy McLarnin, but he suffered a defeat at the hands of this young man, certain and decisive.

Three champions who have not wandered to the West, but are to come during the coming year, are Harry Greb, middleweight; Paul Berlenbach, light-heavyweight, and Rocky Kansas, lightweight.



Tod Morgan

La Barba Beat Genaro

FIRST to annex a title for himself was Fidel La Barba of Los Angeles. He was a student at the Lincoln High School of his native city last February as an honor student and former amateur champion, having won the title at the Olympic games in 1924. Frankie Genaro was his victim.

Then, as the year drew to a close, Tod Morgan, from Vallejo, stepped into the ring at Los Angeles also, and gave Mike Ballerino, the junior lightweight king at that time, the lacing of his life, the game New Jersey boy being compelled to relinquish his crown, unable to go on.

George Blake, that master of boxing, brought La Barba to the front. Yet, as Eddie Graney says, a fighter cannot develop a punch. It must be with him from his cradle days. La Barba, being smart, with a wonderful counter punch, and a rapid change of pace, can take the lead from any boxer living today, and these things stamp him a real champion.

Morgan Always Fast

TOD MORGAN has always been a wonderful boxer, and he has hitting power behind the swing of his fists. It was in the Ballerino bout that Morgan had to go at top speed, and, having found himself, is destined to rule his division for a long time to come. Or he may step back into the featherweight ranks and give Kid Kaplan something like he gave Ballerino.

As for McLarnin, Benny Leonard, greatest of lightweights, and not excepting Gans, Wolgast, Nelson and others, proclaims McLarnin a past master in boxing and fighting, even in his present stage. Veteran ringsters, like Eddie Graney, Billy Nolan, Moose Taussig and others, liken him to those grand men of the old school, Young Griffo, Ave Willis and George Dixon, and say he, too, will rule long in pugilistic circles.

The Rise of McLarnin

A YEAR ago McLarnin fought La Barba as a flyweight. Today he scales close to 124 pounds, which spells disaster for Kid Kaplan, and it won't be long before he steps into the lightweight ranks, and then we shall have the logical man to don the crown Benny Leonard laid aside.

Among others brought to the front because of the legalizing of boxing in California are Ace Hudkins and Mushy Callahan. With McLarnin, these two have been the biggest money getters. A year ago none of them boasted a second suit of clothes. Today any of the trio can write his check close to a $50,000 mark, and cash it at that.

Callahan's record for the year is clearer than that of Hudkins. This pair battled twice in 1925, one being a draw and Callahan getting the nod in the other. Callahan also knocked Pal Moran silly and likewise Russell Le Roy.

Hudkins lost to Tommy O'Brien on a foul, and he lost to Sid Terris, the New York flash. Nevertheless, he is always to be reckoned with.

Welter Class Weak

CALLAHAN, now really a junior welterweight, may develop into

(Continued on page 29)

GROSSO HEAVYWEIGHT SENSATION

(*Continued from page* 10)

laid low Caggiano as if an elevator post had struck him.

In sixteen starts Grosso has flattened fourteen opponents. The four who went the limit with him are Joe Silvani, Tom Roper, Homer Smith and Romero Rojas.

The youngster's remarkable achievements are told in the following table:

Date	Opponent	Result
Feb. 19	Carmine Caggiano	K.O 1
March 12	Frank Yarchan	K.O. 4
April 2	Arthur Pierson	K.O. 1
April 16	Jack Sabo	K.O. 4
May 7	Hong Fong Lee	K.O. 1
May 28	Tommy Dixon	K.O. 3
June 5	Jack McDonald	K.O. 3
July 18	Arthur Smith	K.O. 1
Aug. 17	Jim Slimmer	K.O. 2
Sept. 14	Alex Sclair	K.O. 1
Sept. 21	Joe Silvani	Won 6
Sept. 24	Tom Roper	Won 6
Oct. 23	Martin O'Grady	K.O. 4
Nov. 9	Homer Smith	Won 6
Nov. 30	Dan Leiber	K.O. 3
Dec. 21	Romero Rojas	Won 8

Scores Over Rojas

IT was not until Grosso outfought the tough Chilian, Rojas, in eight rounds at the old Lenox that Gibson placed the final o. k. on his fistic prowess.

"In that fight Grosso showed me that he is not only the makings of a great fighter, but one of the gamest big fellows I have ever seen in action," declared Gibson. "It was one of the hardest fought encounters I have ever seen between big men. Incidentally, it was Johnny's first battle over a route."

Grosso first saw the light of day on March 12, 1904, in a tenement house on 112th Street between First and Second Avenues. He is the youngest of four brothers. Joe, Dan and Frank are also plasterers. The father died some years ago, several months after his wife breathed her last. Joe has been like a father to the family.

When Grosso entered the gym for the first time he weighed in the neighborhood of 210. Slowly but surely he trained down to 185. One eighty-five to 190 is Johnny's natural fighting weight.

A Giant in Stature

HE went to P. S. No. 1 at Mount Vernon but left school in the eighth grade. He was forced to go to work at an early age to help make ends meet at home.

For his years Grosso is a giant in stature. He has black pompadour hair and is fairly good looking. Personally, he's one of the nicest fellows you'd ever want to meet. He reminds one of a college student. Courteous is his middle name.

Since he tied up with Gibson he has earned nearly $8,000. He took Valentine "out of the barrel," meaning he helped to put him on easy street in the Caggiano fight, and the Commonwealth on 135th Street was a complete sellout the night he knocked out Arthur Pierson.

The first time we saw him in action was in the battle with Silvani, one of the preliminaries to the welter titular duel between Mickey Walker and Dave Shade. Grosso impressed us with the fact that he was a heady scrapper and could hit. He won under wraps.

Grosso knocked off Jack McDonald in three heats on the same night Gene Tunney polished off Tom Gibbons.

Grosso's favorite fighter was Johnny Dundee. The only time he saw Harry Wills in action was the night the Brown Panther whipped Clem Johnson.

Gives Credit to Billy

"IF I hadn't tied up with Mr. Gibson I don't think I ever would have become a fighter," said Grosso during a fanning bee the other day.

"Don't misconstrue my meaning," Grosso was quick to correct. "I wanted to fight and all that, but I was worried about the man who was going to manage me. I had read lots and heard a great deal about Mr. Gibson. So when Dan advised me to get in the game I suggested Gibson as my manager. Had he refused to take me I'd gone back to my old racket—plastering."

"What ran through your mind the night you fought your first fight?" interrupted Brix.

"You mean the Caggiano fight? Well —" Grosso took a deep breath. "It was a thrill of a lifetime. I could hear the bunch howling, screeching and all that but I couldn't see them. Everything seemed dark, you know just like a fog. I saw Caggiano coming towards me; I let the right go, and the next thing I knew my pals were carrying me out of the ring on their shoulders."

CALIFORNIA BOXING

(*Continued from page* 28)

a legitimate welterweight, and then this division will be entitled to recognition, too. Otherwise there isn't much to crow about in this part of the game.

For a time Bert Colima held sway in the middleweight ranks, but he fell by the wayside, and what looked to be a brilliant future for the Wilmington boy faded. Mickey Walker, the welterweight king, seemed to have taken all of the fighting heart out of the Mexican, for since that engagement Bert has done little or nothing in boxing circles.

Neither has California anything in the light-heavyweight ranks. Eddie Huffman, the San Pedro gob, looked pretty good, but he displayed nothing in his many fights except dumb, dogged determination. Maybe he will get better as he goes along, but this is doubtful.

Champions Not So Good

OF the world champions who came to California to show their wares, all of them did nicely except Kid Kapian and Charley Rosenberg. Neither of these men showed anything to entitle them to rank with the battlers of the old school, or even with McLarnin, Morgan and even California Joe Lynch.

Abe Goldstein, an ex-champion of the world, was also a bust, and after a fine trimming at the hands of Chuck Hellman, but in which bout he was handed a draw on a silver platter, he sneaked back to dear old New York, just about forgotten.

DEMPSEY'S PARENTS MORMONS

(*Continued from page* 9)

experience in the fighting arena was in New York City, where he met Andre Anderson, Wild Burt Kenney and Lester Johnson, a negro, in ten-round no-decision bouts. This was in 1916.

During the following year Dempsey knocked out Al Norton and Charley Miller, each in one round. Later he won from Willie Meehan, Carl Morris, Bob McAllister and Gunboat Smith in four-round bouts in California, and was knocked out in one round by Jim Flynn, the "Pueblo Fireman." In the following year Dempsey reversed this by knocking Flynn out in a single round and followed up with a series of knockouts, among his victims being Fred Fulton, Battling Levinsky, Porky Flynn, Arthur Pelkey and Terry Kellar.

Dempsey's banner year was 1919, when after scoring five knockouts of one round each in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, he won the title by stopping the big Kansan Jess Willard at Toledo, Ohio, on Independence Day, two years ago.

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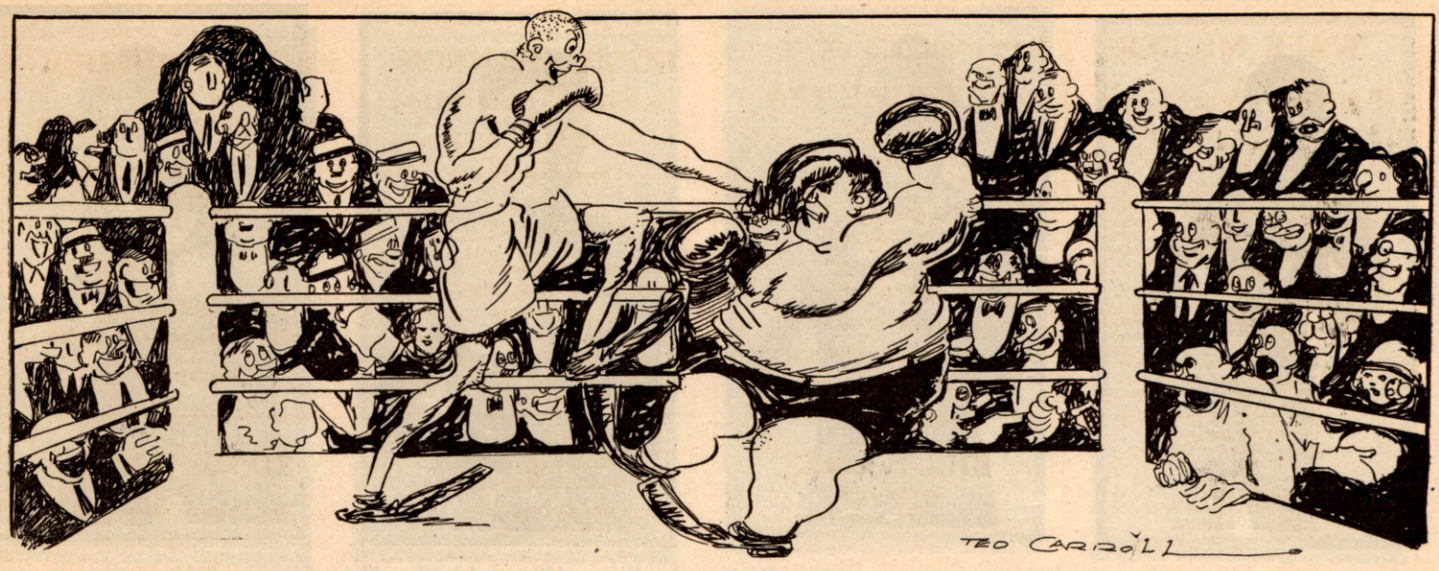


Minute Rests Between Rounds

By LEFT JAB

GOTHAM GLEANINGS

NOW that the holidays are over and we've had a chance to collect our thoughts, it strikes us that the best and simplest way to handle the boxing situation is to knock off the high spots in chronological order, thusly:

(1) Inauguration of "Jimmy" Walker, father of the New York State boxing laws, as mayor of Greater New York.

(2) Tremendous testimonial dinner in honor of James A. Farley, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission.

(3) Successful defense of their titles—light, heavy and featherweight—by Paul Berlenbach and Louis (Kid) Kaplan, respectively.

(4) Decisive victory in twelve no-decision rounds by Eddie Huffman over Ad Stone in a Newark, N. J., ring.

(5) Trick decision rendered by Peter J. Brady and Bernard Gimbel in favor of Mike McTigue over Tiger Flowers.

(6) Sudden deaths of Mike Doherty, Silvey Burns and Battling Siki.

(7) Re-election of James J. Johnston as president of the National Sports Alliance.

(8) Fidel La Barba's sensational debut in the East.

(9) Dave Shade's glorious entrance into the middleweight ranks at the expense of Roland Todd.

(10) Wedding bills for William (Young) Stribling and Jack Zivic.

(11) Johnny Grosso's victorious stand over a route against Romero Rojas.

All Hail, Mayor Jimmy

Thousands stormed the City Hall on New Year's Day to hail the new mayor. "Our Jimmy" as he is familiarly called in Tin Ear Alley, had the right arm almost wrenched off his shoulder shaking hands with several hundred well wishers. The Ring joins with hsi horde of friends praying for a highly successful administration. Boxing devotees, promoters, managers and boxers alike voted for him to a man.

Before he was inducted into office, "Jimmy" sat in at the opening obsequies in Tex Rickard's arena, and saw Kaplan whip Babe Herman. If Walker likes a fight, he battles twice the number of rounds the gladiators fight in the ring proper. He is a picture no artist can paint when the scrappers are belting one another all over the place.

Men who have helped regulate boxing in nearby States joined with promoters and boxing enthusiasts, fighters and their managers in honoring Big Jim Farley. Some of the veteran sportsmen who attended said that never, excepting at a heavyweight championship match, had they seen so many prominent fight fans under one roof. More than 1,000 sat around the festive board, so to speak. Most of the champions attended, except Jack Dempsey, who sent a telegram expressing his regrets. Governor Smith also wired explaining that the task of preparing his message to the Legislature kept him away. A feature was the presentation to the honored guest of an order for an automobile.

Those seated on the dais included Mayor Walker, Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey; Mayor Frank Hague, of Jersey City; John H. McCooey, Joseph V. McKee, U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, Chairman William Rocap of the Pennsylvania Commission; Thomas Donohue, of the Connecticut board, and Jim's conferees, William Muldoon and George E. Brower. Peter J. Brady was toastmaster.

Huffman's Fine Victory

Long will live in the memories of the small gathering that saw Huffman and Stone put up an elegant battle across the Hudson. By the width of a gnat's eyebrow, Huffman, sailor boxer from California, earned the "duke" over Stone, of Philadelphia, Paterson and the Marine Corps. The advantage for Huffman was based on his showing in the twelfth round after the men had fought themselves out, found their second wind and commenced their modified murder all over again. A blazing stand in the final canto clinched the fight for Huffman.

A hard right cross with all of Stone's beef behind it in the sixth sent Huffman reeling across the ring and it seemed as though Stone could have ended the matter then and there had he not stopped to meditate. The eighth found the tide of battle flowing the other way and Stone was almost entirely inundated by it. It was a fight second to none.

Kaplan at 125 pounds looked like his old fighting self the night he turned back Babe Herman. Nearly $150,000 changed hands on the result. The champion was 6 to 5 favorite. Jimmy Kelly, the Babe's manager, dropped a gob. The Meriden, Conn., scrapper drew down the handsome sum of $19,800 for his hour's work. Babe had his feelings appeased to the tune of $6,500. The gross receipts amounted to $60,000, somewhat a disappointment to Texy Rickard.

In spite of a long layoff and the fact that he had ten stitches taken in the left leg caused by a cut from an axe while he was chopping wood, Jack Delaney put up a sensational battle against Berlenbach. He floored the champion as if shot in the fourth round. The crowd, almost to a man for the challenger, let out a roar that could be heard for blocks around the new Garden.

Jack tired a little near the end but he insists that he took it easy, figuring he had won the fight. Another match between the pair will pack the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium to overflowing. Delaney must get a few fights under his belt before tackling the Astoria, L. I., Assassin.

Davey Plastered Rollie

We spent New Year's night watching Davey Shade punch Roland Todd, English middleweight, full of holes. The lantern-jawed Californian dropped the Briton in the early milling. Dave satisfied all hands that he deserves first crack at Harry Greb, the Commission and Tiger Flowers to the contrary, notwithstanding. At 155 pounds Shade proved himself to be a great middleweight. Although he sapped his strength making 147 pounds we still insist that he beat Mickey Walker.

Leo P. Flynn has a corking heavyweight prospect in Bud Gorman. He bought him for $3,000 from Harry Neary. Gorman trounced Young Bob Fitzsimmons in Newark but someone beat the cute Leo to the wires. In his last start Bud knocked out Buddy Jackson in one heat.

The Broadway Arena, across the bridge, is a lucky spot for the rejuvenated Joe Glick. He is packing 'em in like sardines. It makes no difference whom he fights, his horde of followers turn out en masse. He is the biggest drawing card in Brooklyn since the days of Terry McGovern, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Leach Cross and Joe Bedell, and in recent years of Al McCoy, Mike O'Dowd, Pepper Martin, Eddie Martin and Kid Sullivan.

In three successive starts at Andy Neidereiter's Temple of Swat the Williamsburg scrapper defeated Honeyboy Finnegan, stopped Jose Lombardo and enjoyed a good workout at the expense of Billy Kennedy. Ballyhooing the youngster are the well-known Gold Dust twins—Will McCarney and Josephus Jacobs. Harry Alberts signs the well known documents.

There were tears in Joe Pelletier's eyes when he stepped in The Ring office to inform us that Vic Burron, the crackerjack Greenwich Village bantam, is laid up with an infection of the throat. The youngster is resting up in New England. Vic was going great guns until he was forced to hang up his gloves—for the time being. He astounded local fandom by whipping Bobby Wolgast and Frankie Fasano.

"Furious" Tommie Furrie may get a break after all. He is shouting at the top of his lungs the fistic prowess of three pretty good prospects. They include Scotty Williams, who laid low Johnny Filucci in one heat; Tony Picciano, and George La Rocco. Tommie has tried with all the lingo at his command to get Filucci in the ring again with Scotty, but to no aval. Picciano is laid up with the grippe.

La Rocco hasn't been himself since he returned from the Jack Delaney camp where he helped train the French-Canuck for his wonderful stand against Paul Berlenbach. Delaney is very sweet on La Rocco. Tommie wishes each and every one a belated Happy New Year.

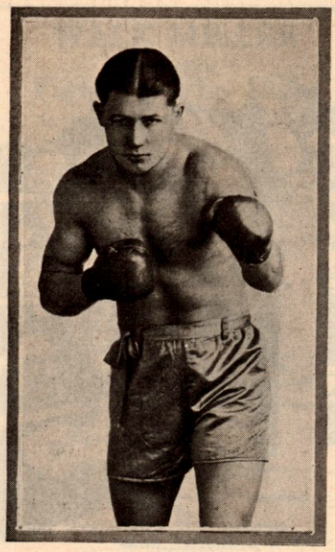
Ruby Back in Ring

Ruby Goldstein, East Side phenom, returned to the wars during the holidays in time to add two more victims to his long list. He flattened Georgie Day in three stanzas and knocked the skids from under Harry Carlson's legs in a Boston ring. Ruby is getting big by the minute. In another year he will be a full fledged middleweight. There is talk of matching him with Eddie Anderson. It'll be a classic and a sellout for any club that baks the match.

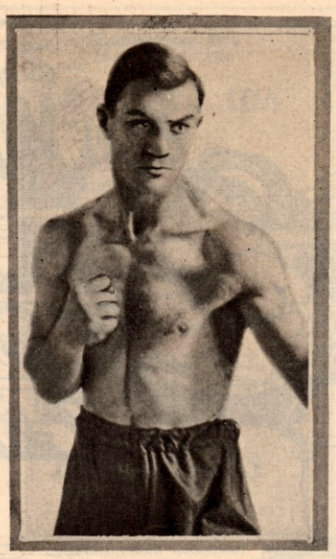
Hal Hixon is Ray Miller's new pilot. The pair are coming to New York shortly in high hopes of getting some work. Miller is accounted to be the hardest punching feather uncovered in Chicago in a decade. If memory serves us right Ray showed around here two or three times a year and a half ago, but he was forced to return home because Larney Lichenstein couldn't get him enough fights to keep him warm. According to Hixon's letterhead, Miller has "conquered Babe Herman, Chick Suggs, Joey Sangor, Frankie Schaeffer, Moe Ginsberg and Al Gordon."

Ben Embinder, formerly matchmaker of the New Manhattan S. C., has joined the managerial group. He is handling the affairs of Alex Rely, self-styled "Peruvian Brown Panther." Embinder is authority for the information that Rely came to America at the invitation of Tex Rickard. Ben also claims that his charge is the undisputed light heavyweight champion of that dear Peru. He celebrated his American debut recently in a six rounder with Pat McCarthy, of Boston.

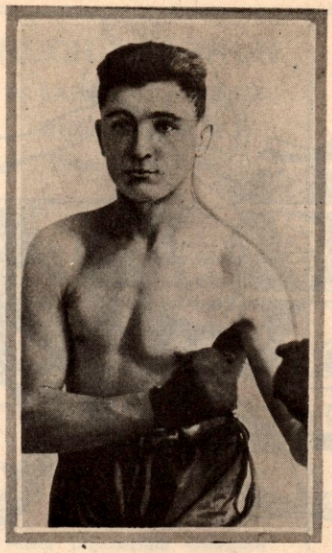
Excerpts from Ben's interesting epistle reads: "A bronze Hercules in appearance. He is as tough as hickory, aggressive as a bulldog and hits like a trip-hammer with either hand. He is very brave and a soldier under fire. At short distance his blows are terrific and demolishing. In the five years he is boxing he has engaged in 34 contests, winning 24 by k.o.'s.



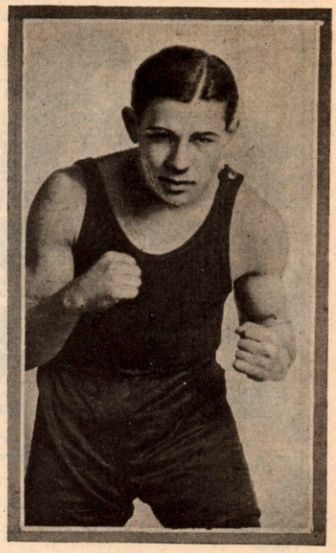
Johnny Risko, Danny Dunn's 190-pounder, who lives in Cleveland



Daniel Lieber, one of New York's crop of heavyweights



Joe King, a 130-pound battler, who hails from New Jersey



Georgie Balduc, who is doing good work in bouts around New York

Apparently Frankie Fay, who is best remembered as the man who made fame and a tidy sum of money for Frankie Houlihan, only to lose out in the end, has not had his fill of the managerial racket. The popular Fay is now touting Jack McFarland as a likely candidate for Mickey Walker's mythical diadem. McFarland, according to Frankie, has more than held his own against Jimmy Slattery, Paul Doyle, Dave Rosenberg and Jack Stone.

The punch proof Morrie Schlaifer is still very much on the go. Only a few nights ago the Omaha veteran defeated Bobby Barrett in a Philly ring on a foul. On leaving the ring Barrett admitted committing the unpardonable foul. The last time we saw Schlaifer was the night he took a nifty lacing at the hands of Tommy Milligan. The European middleweight champ exhibited considerable class on that occasion. As a matter of fact, Tommy's victory earned him a match with Mickey Walker but the New York State Athletic Commission stepped in at the last minute and ordered the contest cancelled. The solons made Mickey the goat.

Malone Still at It

Another veteran scrapper who appears to be getting better in every start is the debonair Jock Malone, of St. Paul. Several nights ago he trekked to Youngstown, Ohio, to hand out a lacing to one Dick Evans in twelve heats. Jock has been in there a great unmber of years. He is what they term in Tin Ear Alley a "smart" fighter, meaning he doesn't take unnecessary punishment. Outside the ring Jock is one of the finest fellows you'd ever want to meet. He owns loads of personality and is conversant on any and all subjects.

Bill Duffy is thankful over string of victories turned in by his young gladiators—Eddie Anderson and Andy Divodi. The former whipped Benny Gross at Passaic, N. J., and Divodi made short work of Barney Keely in two rounds, the opening preliminary to the Shade-Todd scrap. Divodi is packng on weight almost overnight. Now he is a full fledged junior welter. Only a few weeks ago he was a lightweight.

In his first appearance in New York Tommy Freeman scored a technical k.o. over Sergeant Sammy Baker in eight rounds. The southern welter looks like the goods. Be it said in the Sergeant's favor that he fought under a handicap. He was sick two days previous to the encounter and came near calling off the match.

Eddie Munson is more than making good as official timer at the new Garden. Ed is the best watch holder in the business, and a corking fellow to boot.

Godfrey Easy for Harry

George Godfrey, Jimmy Dougherty's burly negro, was a sad disappointment in a belated appearance at the Garden. We'd be willing to bet the family jewels on Harry Wills to knock him off in one or two rounds.

Bantam Champ Charley (Phil) Rosenberg found his sojourn on the Pacific Coast anything but a pleasant one. He lost on a foul to "Doc" Snell previous to which he was handed a first class drubbing by California Joe Lynch. Charley is back home ready to defend his title against the most worthy challenger. Eddie Anderson is camping on his trail.

Lew Perfetti was forced to bow to the fistic prowess of two rivals in as many starts. He blew decisions to Pete Zivic and Fidel La Barba. In the boat with La Barba Perfetti gave a good account of himself. Looks like he's been fighting too often. He deserves a rest.

Johnny Wilson, former middleweight champion, is getting as big as a house. He says he is going to fight again. He'll need weeks of hard work to get back in old-time form. Johnny is salting away his money. He is part owner of one of the big Broadway cabarets.

Tin Ear Alley will miss Silvey Burns. The chubby Italian who used to entertain the boys in the wee hours succumbed to a heart attack. He was only thirty years of age. His chair in the Alley was draped in black and remained that way for nearly three weeks after he was laid to rest. Several hundred friends attended the funeral. Doherty, who died twelve hours before Silvey, was part manager of Eddie (Cannonball) Martin.

TALL CORN GOSSIP

By BOB WAGNER

Boxing in Iowa is making fine progress. 1926 will be one of the best years the boxing game has ever known here. Weekly bouts are being promoted at Waterloo, Des Moines, Ft. Dodge, Sioux City, Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids, Muscatine, Davenport, Mason City, and some of the smaller towns holding shows once a month.

W. C. Pollard, promotor at Des Moines has had some very good cards for the fans, featuring such boys as Jacky Conway, Shuffle Calahan, Roscoe Hall, Jimmy Cashill, Glen Lage, and Jimmy Ryan.

Pollard intends to match the flashy Sammy Mandell with some leading lightweight in the near future, most likely Roscoe Hall, boxing instructor at the University of Iowa.

Tommy Ryan, former lightweight star of years back and promotor here has left and is now at Peoria, Ill. and is drawing to packed houses there.

Iowa has a new heavyweight sensation, to step into the place left vacant by the retirement of Floyd Johnson.

Geo. Bourland, colored is the boy. He tips the scales at 190 pounds, has had forty-one fights and they are all marked up to his credit.

Bourland is a high school graduate of 1925 and while in school was a star football and track man, he has also won places on the famous Drake relays.

Jimmy Ryan, local lightweight has made quite a start in the past six months and will bear watching.

The Cudahy club at Sioux City sponsors a regular monthly show, they have a paid membership of 1250.

Frankie Smith has taken over the management of the Des Moines athletic club. Amateur bouts are held every Wednesday night and the fans are furnished with plenty of action.

J. F. Morgan has taken hold of the boxing game at Waterloo and has a show every week. Morgan has built up the game there and this summer intends to hold some big bouts at the local ball park.

Stewart Cooper, matchmaker for the club has been giving the fans some real bouts, at the last show, Frankie Larabee beat Jimmy Josephs, in ten rounds and Mike Rozgal beat Joe Morro in ten rounds.

The American Legion at Mason City stages a show each week and will keep it up as long as the fans keep on packing the local Armory. Louie Goldman is acting as matchmaker.

C. E. Edsal, matchmaker for the American Legion at Marshalltown will have to move a section of Boyles' Thirty Acres to Marshalltown, if the crowds get any larger.

The American Legion at Ft. Dodge have matched Buddy McDonald, St. Paul and Joey O'Hara, Ft. Dodge for ten rounds at an early date.

BOXING IN HAVANA

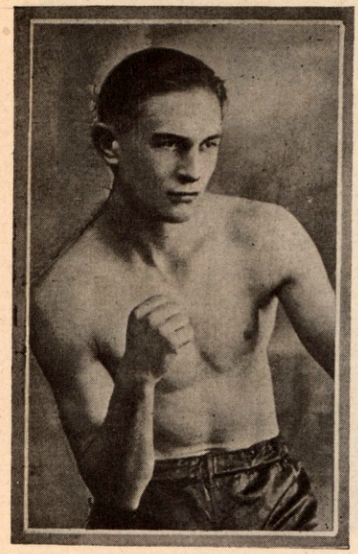
By MILTON BARON

Never in the history of Cuba has boxing been so successful as at present. Right now Havana is the leading center, and a large number of classy ringsters can be seen training daily at the Arena Colon, which is the popular gymnasium around here.

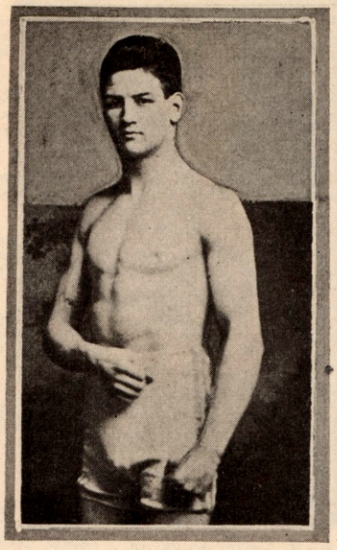
The United Promoters Corpn., are the leading promoters, and they have been enjoying the best attendances ever recorded in this country. Luis Ferrer, L. Pargo and J. Couce, are the three members of this high standard boxing organization, and are well complimented for the good programs they furnish every Saturday night. Luis Ferrer, manager of the corporation, has been in the boxing game for years, and his thorough knowledge and experience in this profession readily earns for him the title of "The Cuban Tex Rickard." Mr. Ferrer is extremely popular with the fans, and he is a great credit to the boxing game in Cuba.

A capacity crowd turned out to witness the 12-round clash between Charlie Pitts and Jim Moran the Spanish welter champion, and idol of Havana. Pitts put up a great battle, losing a close decision. Although outweighed by more than ten pounds, Pitts made the Spanish pugilist step fast all through the fight, and in the fifth round Charlie has Moran helpless on the ropes after landing a volley of hard blows. But Pitts hurt his right mitt in this sensational round which prevented him from landing a haymaker. Pitts received a big ovation and is always welcome back in Havana.

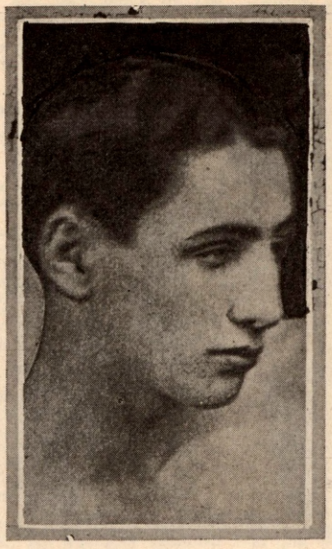
It is safe to say that one of the best lightweights seen in Havana in years is Pedro Campo, Filipino Flash. Campo made his initial appearance here November 28, surprising the fans by whipping Jim Moran, welter from Spain. Campo gave away eight pounds to his hard hitting opponent, but through his cleverness and speed, made Moran miss by the proverbial mile, and in the third, eleventh and twelfth rounds of the fray Campo had Moran in bad shape. Camp scored immensely in the clinches, and showed that he could "take it," as Moran landed several hooks to his chin, but Campo never backed up. Campo recently defeated Charlie Pitts at Jacksonville, Fla., and has been booked for more bouts in Havana. Campo's fast style and cleverness has gained him much popularity with the fans here, and has placed him on top of the list of all the boxers around these quarters. After fighting Jim Moran, Campo hurried over to Miami, Fla., and knocked out Red Allen, in three rounds. He received short notice to return to Havana and was matched with Harry



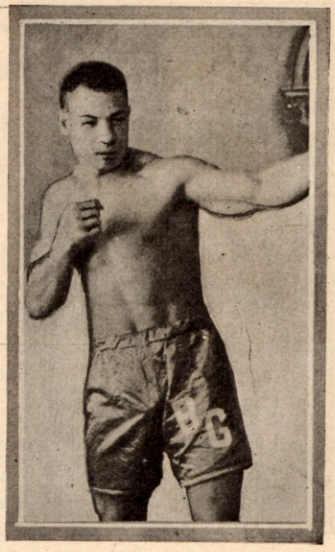
Henry Usse, a Brooklyn boy, who is in the featherweight class



Jack Hood, England's latest fistic sensation. He is managed by Ted Broadribb



Maxie B. Holub, Akron, Ohio's featherweight scrapper



Big Bill Goethe, a 200-pound Albany negro heavyweight

Stone, English lightweight. Stone recently defeated Paul Fritsch of France, and in 1924 fought a No Decision bout with Sammy Mandel and gave Sid Terris a stiff 10-round battle. In his fight with Campo, Stone got off very nicely and was sailing smoothly, when in the third round Campo started an attack on his midrift. Campo hit Stone so hard, that Stone was unable to come out for the 4th round, claiming a broken finger. Campo was awarded the fight on a technical knockout. The writer who has seen Rocky Kansas fight Benny Leonard a few years ago, is of the opinion that Campo would make a worthy opponent for Rocky Kansas the present title holder, and there is no doubt but that a match between the two would prove interesting. Pedro is only 22 years old and has had some 200 fights. He has a great chance to bring the world's title to his native land—and make up for the Philippine Islands their great loss in Pancho Villa, who was one of the best little fighters the world has ever known.

Estanislao Loyaza, Chilean lightweight, made his second appearance here when he defeated Aramis Delpino local lightweight. Loyaza scored a K.O. over Delpino last year in New York and the fans expected to see a repetition, but it was evident that Loyaza's dynamic K. O. stunt was missing, and Delpino went the limit and put up a good battle, landing several sledge hammer rights to the Chilean's jaw which shook him up.

In one of the preliminaries, Enrique Valdes made his debut as a professional and looked like a comer when he defeated Kid Salgado. Salgado claimed his loss by having to make too much weight. Salgado is a bell to bell fighter, and recently defeated the best boys around here—he is a bantam.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

Activities in the boxing game here were very slow during the past month, owing to the Armory being occupied for a considerable length of time by a radio exposition. After that the promoters were dubious about staging any shows due to the close proximity of the holiday season.

Harry E. Kern Post, of The American Legion, is experiencing much difficulty in obtaining a permit to put on boxing shows in Toledo. This is rather surprising inasmuch as The American Legion has been active in the boxing game in mostly all sections of the country. In face of the praises and promises that the boys received during the World War, this little privilege should certainly be due them.

Eddie Mack staged a club show in his big East Toledo A. C. gym on December 21, featuring Art Knopp and Tommy Ryan, both of Toledo, in an eight round bout. Knopp boxed cleverly and outpointed his opponent.. Bobby Clemons shaded Young Earler in six rounds and Jack LeFort boxed a four-round draw with Young Miller.

Several other bouts, in which the contestants were amateurs, completed the card. The simon pures showed to good advantage, the show was well attended and the crowd voiced their satisfaction with the evening's entertainment.

A benefit show has been announced to be held at the Armory on December 30, the proceeds to go to Clyde (K.O.) Jaekle, who is widely known throughout the country as a lightweight boxer of considerable note popular in this section. Jaekle has had the misfortune of becoming almost totally blind.

Ad. Thacher returned to Toledo in time to serve his big annual Christmas dinner for the poor and needy, in the Toledo A. C. gymnasium. Mr. Thacher was in Florida with his stable of boxers and from all reports, the boys were very successful in their tour through the south.

ST. PETERSBURG (FLA.) NOTES

By E. C. McCORMICK

Florida is now the mecca for all aspiring pugilists. Good boys are coming to reap the rich harvests which await them. Numbered among the good boys from the North are Jimmy Gory, Joe Cooper, Jackie Coble, Gene Tunney, Joe Marks, Harry Kid Brown, Joe Peck, Artie McCann, Ralph Hood, Loe Lohman, Joe Cook and many others.

Jackie Coble, Terre Haute, Ind. contender for featherweight honors recently startled the Florida fistic world by winning five fights in two weeks. He defeated the veteran Otis Hurst in ten rounds and stopped Kewpie Valentine, Harry Kid Martin, Eddie Carr and an unnamed opponent all in less than eight rounds. While Jackie seems to be winning, many are of the opinion that he is being rushed too fast. The lust for gold has ruined many boys much older and he is a mere boy fighting fully developed men. The blonde boy will some day make a great battler if handled carefully.

Joe Cooper defeated Happy Henry quite handily. Tony Leto beat Jack Wofford. Armis Del Pino beat Lew Silver, Joe Lohman beat Marine Tolliver on a great card here recently. Gene Tunney meets Dan O'Dowd here opening the 1926 season.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

As was predicted in these columns recently, Lew Silver—hard hitting Atlanta dental student has hung up the gloves for good. Silver was compelled to give up the boxing game on account of his inability to get in proper condition physically. Silver was unable to round himself into proper shape the past two years on account of sinus trouble.

Lew recently journeyed to Tampa, Fla. where he met Aramis Del Pino, Cuban lightweight in a ten round bout, the Cuban getting the edge in ten rounds. Before entering the ring, Lew called the newspaper scribes to the ring and announced, "win. lose or draw" this will be his last fight, and the battle was on, Silver putting up his usual aggressive fight all the way, but lack of proper condition robbed the Atlanta youngster of his endurance and he had to retire a defeated battler. The crowd was one of the largest ever drawn in a Tampa ring, 8,000 fans turned out to see the two battlers in action, and that the fight fans were well paid for their troubles was heard by the manner in which they praised both boys.

Silver received a fine send off by the press in the Florida city. The Sport pages as well as the Editorial page were high in praise of the Georgia youngster. In commenting on Silver's retirement, Mr. Ed. Lambright, editor of the Tampa Tribune, has the following to say on the editorial page!

"Lew Silver has had a creditable ring career in Tampa, has made many friends and has always given his backers a good fight for their money. He has the best wishes of boxing devotees here in his retirement from the ring to devote all of his time to his profession as a dentist."

That Tampa promoters will miss the youngster is an assured fact, as Silver was a great drawing attraction, and whenever the youngster was booked to show in Tampa, it was usually to a packed house.

Larry Avera, claimant of the Southern junior welter title will be compelled to retire from the ring. Avera injured his jaw so badly in a bout that the member is not healing as fast as it should, and no doubt the blonde Irishman will give up the game for good. In recent fights Avera was compelled to consult a physician after getting hit on the sick member.

Ed. Alexander manager of Pinkie May, Savannah, Ga. bantam is still keeping his little fellow busy, May is one of the most aggressive little fellows in the ring and one of the strongest, May recently went to St. Petersburg, Fla. where he defeated Jimmy Hughes, Cleveland, Ohio bantam in 10 rounds.

Battling Budd, veteran Atlanta welterweight, is another battler who is about to give up the ring game. Budd is now making an effort to get a job fighting fires for the City of Atlanta.

Johnny Marlowe, Savannah featherweight knocked out Jack Dorsey in the seventh round of a scheduled ten round bout in August, Ga.

Judge Horning, Savannah, defeated Larry Avera, Atlanta in ten rounds in Jacksonville, Fla.

According to Savannah papers, Pinkie May, claimant of Southern bantam title, is to meet Amos Kid Carlin, New Orleans battler in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 12.

Tiger Flowers who showed his wares in the new Madison Square Garden against Mike McTigue for the Christmas fund and manager Walk Miller were recent visitors here. Flowers has done his training in the Georgia City due to the fact that climatic conditions were more favorable for his fights.

Pete Cole, a lightweight from Rome, Ga., is going at a fine pace in recent bouts in Florida. Cole defeated Artie McCann, Philadelphia lightweight in Palm Beach, Fla. Cole also defeated Lou Guglemini recently.

The Atlanta boxing commission is to be reorganized, the City Mayor stating recently that instead of five members serving on the commission there wil lbe only three members. Let us hope now that a promoter will be found to stage boxing here.

Cliff Chambers, well known sportsman from Tampa who never overlooks a good fight when one is staged anywhere, presented Silver with $200 after the little battler finished his last fight against the Cuban.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By SOX PINTO

Our friend, Ed Hines, got the call of the South and at this writing is in Miami, Florida. Ed says he is coming back with a bankroll. More power to you, Ed.

Tommy Kid Murphy, Trenton's contender for the lightweight crown beat Ruby Stein of New York at the local club. Murphy took every round. Murphy will soon be of age to fight in New York. He has had several offers to fight six rounds but his manager turned them down.

Johnny Brennan, Trenton's champion flyweight hopped over to Reading and knocked out Willie Griffits in three rounds. The only fault I find with Brennan is that he don't fight often enough.

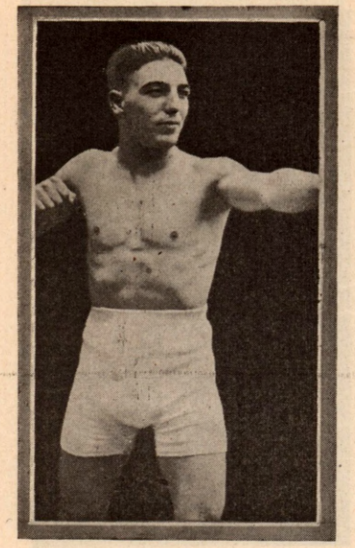
Spencer Gardner knocked out Eddie Ochs here in the windup recently.

In the semi-final, Johnny Oakey, Trenton's promising middleweight knocked out Italian Jack Stone in five rounds.

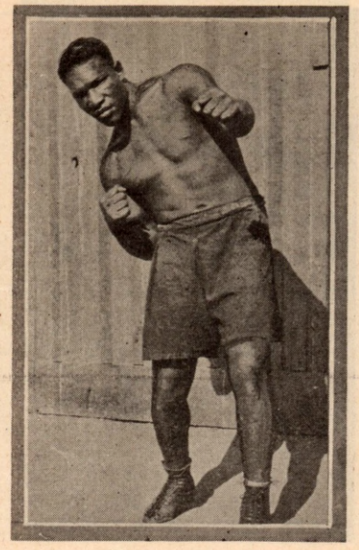
INDIANA NOTES

By SAM MARKUS

The scheduled ten round bout between John Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, and Chuck Wiggins, Indianapolis light heavyweight, contender for the world's championship, has been postponed due to an injury suffered by Wiggins while training for this match.

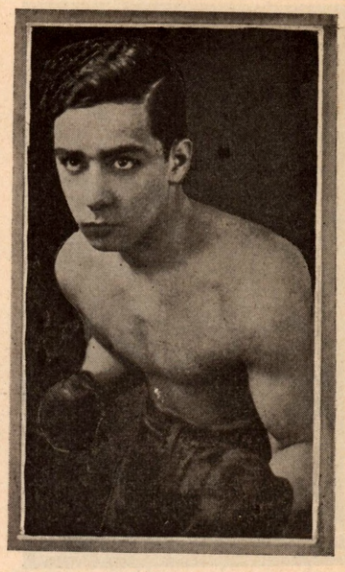


Alf Mancini, Anglo-Italian scrapper, under tutelage of Ted Broadribb of England



Neil Clisby, a negro heavyweight from Riverside, Cal.

Scottie McDonald, a good feather-weight, who comes from Philadelphia



Al Zolli, a New York feather-weight, striving for recognition

Wiggins strained a tendon in his leg and physicians advised that he would be unable to work on the New Year's Day show. The card as it now stands features Merle Alte, Indianapolis, vs. Don Davis, Chicago, ten rounds. Johnny Horvath, Cleveland lightweight versus Tony Caponi, Louisville, eight rounds; Brett Waggoner, Petersburg coal miner, clashes with Babe Ruth, Louisville, in a six round bout; "Midget" Epstein, Indianapolis, meets Jackie Stewart, Louisville flyweight, six rounds; Marion Kepner versus Charlie Shine, six rounds. Tickets for the Risko-Wggins fight were practically sold out when the injury to Wiggins forced a postponement and in all probability, these two will meet in the Capitol City some time during the month of January.

George Mullholland, former amateur light heavyweight champion, made his professional debut at Louisville, Ky., against Soldier Buck of Louisville, in a twelve round bout. Although losing the newspaper decision, Mullholland made many friends by his showing against a more experienced opponent and shows much promise of developing into a good boy in this division.

"Midget" Lou Epstein, one of the boys who has shown much promise in recent bouts here, has become a great favorite with the fans due to his willingness to mix it at all times against any opponent selected for him. Epstein is but seventeen years old and is a brother to Solly Epstein, former bantam weight contender.

Roy Wallace, sensational Indianapolis middleweight, has made rapid strides in the middleweight division. Wallace is a former national amateur middleweight champion who graduated to the professional ranks about three years ago. He has won victories over some of the best middleweights in the Middle West during the past year.

Chuck Wiggins has been signed to appear in numerous matches after the 1st of January. His first start after the Risko bout will probably be at Grand Rapids, Michigan, during the furniture convention, against one of the leading light heavyweight contenders. Efforts have been made by Grand Rapids promoters to obtain Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo or Bridgeport Jack Delaney, but both of these two boys declined to meet Wiggins, who has had a hard time getting matches with the topnotchers since his victory over "Tiger" Flowers at East Chicago, Indiana.

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WASHINGTON, (D. C.) NOTES

By PATSY DONOVAN

The Aloysius Club staged their bi-monthly show featuring Nick Bass of Baltimore and Joe Downey the Navy's middleweight champion. The bout was very close. The Baltimore boy had Downey in bad shape on more than one occasion but passed up several opportunities to end matters. Downey held for dear life on one occasion and even Referee Heinie Miller could not make him break away. At the end Downey was boxing very clever and seemed to be just starting to size up his hard hitting opponent. In the prelim, Lew McCarthy knocked out Willie Morrison, Eddie Desimon knocked out Gypsy Smith and Sailor Connelly knocked out Bill Richardson.

The District A. C. staged its first show with Toney Cortex winning by a technical K. O. over Jac Cody. Cortex then did the iron man stunt and boxed four fast rounds with Harry Kid Groves. This bout was the most interesting of the evening. Johnnie Walker and Pep Albee boxed a six round draw in the semi-final. Joe Piscatella shaded Jack West and Joe Jeter bested Soldier Burns.

Nick Bass and Texas Stovall boxed the feature at the Aloysius Club. Stovall was out in front for the first four rounds but received a terrible gash over his left eye in the fifth round and from then on did not do so well. Although Stovall out scored the Baltimore boy at least three to one the local papers gave the out-of-towner the decision. Stovall was just as strong as his opponent at the finish but the writers saw it different. It was necessary to take eight stiches in the Indian's eye after the bout. Johnnie Walker knocked out Johnnie Daly in the semi-final bout. Micky Devine knocked out Eddie DeSimon and Toney Ross bested Jimmy Gardiner. This was the best show staged to date by the Aloysius Club.

Al Foreman had something soft in the way of Walter Vance from the Marines at Paris Island, S. C. Vance was high press agented. Foreman merely played with the Marine and the fans were much delighted when Vance's seconds threw in the towel to terminate the uneven bout. Jack Cody hit Jack Skinner on the chin and Referee Miller counted the Navy entry out. Yes this one was short and sweet. Jack Cafonia and Joey Caplain boxed a six round draw. Sailor Connelly and Soldier Burns boxed their customary draw for the opener. The best part of this show was those delicious fried oysters served after.

Harry Kid Groves surprised the local fans before the District A. C. when he easily best Lew Heywood of Baltimore. Heywood had made a reputation here by holding Al Foreman on even terms for ten rounds. Groves out boxed and out fought his Baltimore opponent all the way. In the semi-final Toney Cortex bested Jack Ryan of Baltimore. This Ryan is one tough egg, having held his own with Joe Dundee, Bobby Garcia, Chick Ward and many others. Johnnie Walker and Joe Piscatella boxed a draw, while Johnnie Conroy and Jimmy Mack also boxed four fast rounds.

CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By ROY OVERIDGE

Tommy Jarrett of New Haven was the big hit of the show at Bridgeport. Steve Culver and Tommy Jarrett were down on the card for a six round preliminary but they were the real star bout as both boys put up the best exhibition that has been staged in this section for some time. Culver had an early lead over Jarrett but Jarrett gamely took all that Culver put over and came back strong to drop Culver three times and gain the decision which was greeted with cheers by the fans. Both boys will be rematched for the semi-final of the next show this month.

The other bouts on the card did not look so good after the Jarrett-Culver match, Steve Smith was awarded the decision over Spencer Gardner of Newport and Young Mulligan was off form in his bout with Nick Mercer of New York. Mercer a last minute substitute surprised everyone by his showing and holding Mulligan to a draw. Mercer in his last two starts in Bridgeport and Norwalk was easily defeated by Chick Dorsey and Jimmy Bones and was looked upon before the bout as a "set-up" for Mulligan.

Johnny Saxon of Bridgeport won the decision over Sailor Sweet (who looked sour) of Newport. R. I.

Sammy Hunt, colored heavyweight from Pittsburgh, now making his home in Conn., dropped Henry DiJulio, former amateur heavyweight champion of the state, in the third round of their four-round opening bout but DiJulio was awarded the decision which was received with "boos" by the crowd.

Johnny Kochonsky of Jersey was awarded the decision over Georgie Day of New Haven in the twelve round star bout at Hartford. Young Devlin won from Red Riley in the semi-final. Jack Horner outpointed Frankie Angelo. Frankie Portell won on a technical knockout over Willie Kline of Albany in the second round of the opening bout.

Only two hundred and ninety-one fans attended Joe Chimble's Stamford card to see a real slugging match between Bruce Flowers of New Rochelle and Bobby Robideau of New York in the ten round feature.

Willie Mack of Stamford was not i nthe best of shape and put up a poor fight against Soldier Petrone of Yonkers in the eight round semi-final.

Kid Broad of New York won an eosy decision over Mule Brown of Stamford in six rounds. Broad has been matched with the classy Bridgeport featherweight, Joey King at the next show. Charley Olmedo knocked out Roy Harvey in the first round, both boys hail from Stamford.

Billy Petrolle of North Dakota now making his headquarters at Hartford won the decision over Steve Smith of Bridgeport at Hartford, the crowd as usual was very small. In the semi-final "Pop" Humphries of England wos awarded the decision over Teddy Watson of New Jersey in the fourth round. Watson caught Humphries flush on the "botton" and it looked like the bout was over. Ruby Bradley also known as "Dark Cloud" knocked out Chick Mayo the Filipino in the third round. Willie Morgan stopped Dick Roland in the first round of the curtain raiser.

Georgie Day of New Haven received the decision over Bobby Robideau of Allentown, Pa., in the twelve round wind up at New London. Johnny Peters originally scheduled to box Robideau was forced to coll off the bout on account of a bronchial attack. Marty Flaherty of Norwich after being dropped for the count four times in the first round came back strong and knocked out Sailor Cross of the Coast Guard at New London. Scotty Carroll a Army corporal at Fort Wright went six rounds to a draw with Young Cross of the Coast Guard. Young Parker of the Submarine Base won the decision over Kid Ramacca a Filipino from the Coast Guard.

Connecticut was well represented at the New Madison Square Garden this month by both boxers and fans. Jack Delaney of Bridgeport in the championship match with Paul Berlenbach had over three thousand followers from Bridgeport and Champion Louis "Kid" Kaplan from Meriden also had the whole town with him at his bout.

Commissioner Thomas E. Donahue of New London, state supervisor of boxing told newspaper writers after the affray in the New Garden that his advice to Kaplan would be to resign as featherweight champion and enter the junior lightweight class, for which he is better fitted.

Georgie Day of New Haven was knocked out in the third round at the Pioneer Club, New York by Ruby Goldstein. This is Day's first knockout in the lightweight ranks.

Carman Cook, former Bridgeport boy, who is now in Ohio is making good according to press reports received here from that section. Cook has boxed Patsy Kline, Chuck Feldman, Al Porter, Kid Ryle, Al St. John and many other good boys. Cook before his departure for the West fought Steve Smith, Georgie Day, Jackie Moore, Sammy Waltz, and others.

Connecticut fans will have another opportunity of attending the New Madison Square Garden as from all reports Jack Delaney of Bridgeport is to be matched with Georges Carpentier of France, in February.

Sheik Leonard and Pete August have been signed for a twelve round bout at Bridgeport the early part of next month.

MAINE NOTES
By R. A. WEATHERBEE

There were two well attended shows at Portland on Christmas Day and both were replete with action. At the Arena, Leo Gates, Adams, Mass., Indian, defeated Jack Ward in 12 furious rounds. Ward, claimant of the Canadian heavyweight championship, was outfought all the way but tried hord. Eliziar Rioux of Montreal, a great favorite here, stopped Yussel Pearlstein of New York in two rounds of the semi-final. Rioux has previously beaten Archie Skinner, Walter Ellineood and Eddie Record around here.

At the Exposition Building, Tommy Fleurant of Biddleford won the state featherweight title from Jimmy (Kid) Rice. Fleurant settled their feud by flooring the champ four times, and only Rice's grit saved him from a K. O. Tommy Lemineux of Sanford, state flyweight champion, lost by a shade to Harry Goldstein, New England champ, and was knocked down once.

Lou Lambert broke up the winning streak of Emery (Kid) Canaba of Sanford and won an easy six round victory. Ten days later, he beat Jack O'Brien of Laurence at Sanford and then hopped off for Montreal to meet Newport Johnny Brown. Lou would like a bout with Sammy Fuller next.

Cowboy Willis, Portland's sensational welterweight stopped "Sheik" Leonard of Bridgeport in one round Dec. 8. It was Willis' fifth K. O. in 6 bouts and placed the former Texan as a leading contender for Al Mello's New England title.

George Balduc, 21 year old Lewiston featherweight is keeping Maine on the Pugilistic Map. He outpointed Allentown Johnny Leonard in New York and later dropped a decision to Eddie Anderson ranked by "The Ring" as the foremost contender for the junior lightweight crown. Georgie, by the way, has a bad pair of hands but his speed and oggressiveness earned him a place on "The Ring's" list of leading featherweights for 1925.

Bill Gardiner of Woodland is creating quite a sensation at the Dilboy Post amateur shows in Boston where he has won 5 K. O. in 7 starts.

For the first time in several years, Maine has a couple of boys who are close to the top and still climbing. We refer to Balduc and Willis. Balduc, Lewiston boy, left Maine at 20 years of age after having fought more than 70 bouts, not one of which ended by K. O. Under the tutoring of the late Pepper Martin, he improved greatly and today the kid is omong the best in the 126 lb. class.

Jack Willis, ex-Texan, has been living here about six months and has bowled over six of New England's best welters. The writer shares the opinion of many fans that Willis could have stopped Shevlin just as Al Mello did. Bob Lowery still stands between Willis and Mello but only a skillful promoter can get the Scotchmon or the New England champion in with the "crashing cow-boy."

ROCHESTER, (N. Y.) GOSSIP
By ROCKY CONTI

Osk Till, Rochester's leading middleweight is a busy boy these days, boxing practically every week. Till, who has been in the boxing game for only two years, has met practically every leading middleweight in the game. He is Gene Tunney's chief sparring partner.

Ray Wolfert, Rochester's latest heavyweight sensation who has won his last ten bouts by the knockout route will try to add Joe Shirley of Toronto to his list. Wolfert is the best looking heavyweight prospect ever developed in western New York State in some time and in a year from now should be highly rated among the heavyweights.

Joe Trippe, Rochester's leading lightweight lost a close decision to Archie Walker. Trippe, like Osk Till, is boxing every week and is the best drawing card in Rochester and will soon be heard of in the lightweight division.

Paul Bernola, former lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy, has won his last four bouts by the knockout route and will meet a tough battler when he stacks up with Teddy Dean of Buffalo. If Bernola can get by Dean he will get plenty of work for there are several lightweights in Rochester for him to meet.

Jack Di Neci, a clever featherweight who has yet to make his debut before the local fans will meet some good boy at Erie, Pa., soon.

Johnny Koslowski, who hasn't appeared before the local fans in the past eight months will meet Battling Barry. The fur is sure to fly when these two boys get together for both boys are of the fighting type.

Phil Verde surprised the local fans when he stopped Al Liebowitz one of Jimmy Johnston's featherweights in the second round of a scheduled ten round bout. What Verdi wants now is a chance at Louis Kid Kaplan's crown. Verdi has met and defeated practically every leading bantam and featherweight in the game.

BUFFALO, (N. Y.)
By HUGH SHANNON

Rocky Kansas, after battling fifteen years in the roped arena, finally is crowned lightweight king. Rocky's win over Jimmy Goodrich, was close, but remarkable, nevertheless. Goodrich had cleaned up all comers in the New York State Athletic commission's lightweight tournament and was recognized as Benny Leonard's successor.

Goodrich fought a stubborn battle through the fifteen rounds and died hard. He was ably seconded by Frank "Doc" Bagley and Frankie Neil, both of New York. Jimmy came fast during the last couple of rounds and tried desperately, but Kansas had piled up an early lead and was the winner.

Kansas is in line for some big shots. Rumor has it that he will defend his newly acquired honors against Benny Leonard, retired champion, in New York next Summer. The bout would draw a big gate and coax Leonard from retirement.

The Kansas-Goodrich bout drew around $35,000 setting a new high mark for Buffalo. Other big houses here were Slattery-Stribling, $27,000; and Greb-Slattery, $22,000. The Kansas-Bernstein bout drew $19,000.

Jimmy Slattery is back in the ring after a long layoff. His first bout was with an unknown Young Matto at Syracuse. Slattery flattened him in three rounds. Slattery then went ten rounds with Boy McCormick, winning the decision. He knocked out Indian Joe Burke in three rounds at Warren, Pa., and on New Year's afternoon won a decision over Maxie Rosenbloom of New York in ten rounds at the Queensbury club's show.

Tommy Ryan was slated to box Frankie Genaro here on December 26th, but Genaro passed up the match and then Bushey Graham was sought. Graham, too, found an "out" and would not box Ryan, who has his number.

When Ryan boxed Bushey Graham in Syracuse last season the Post-Standard, the Journal and the Herald all declared that Ryan made Graham look like an amateur and Ryan was given practically every round. Graham was given a most unpopular and undeserved decision. Ryan will be the new champion if he can get Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg in the ring.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo welterweight boss, is getting back in the ring again soon. Schoell has been laying off for the past few weeks on account of a heavy cold. He is keen to do battle with Mickey Walker and others. Dave Shade may be brought here to box Frankie in January.

Teddy Dean, junior welterweight; Willie Lavin, welterweight; Johnny Sacco and Ray Romney, lightweights; Lou Scozza, middleweight; Benny Ross, middleweight; Willie Cunningham, featherweight, are all showing good form in bouts this season.

Jimmie Mack has signed up Hughie Manson, Homestead, Pa., flyweight. Manson is a nifty looking fighter and expects to reach the top of the ladder under Mack's guidance.

Buffalo has some rare fistic attractions in the making. Some of the matches that will probably take place here are: Tommy Ryan vs. Frankie Genaro; Jimmy Goodrich vs. Vincentine; Frankie Schoell vs. Dave Shade; Jimmy Slattery vs. Tony Marullo; Jimmy Slattery vs. Harry Fay; Art Weygant vs. Maxie Rosenbloom and Art Weygant vs. Jimmy Slattery.

Art Weygant is the hard hitting young southpaw light heavyweight, who boxed draws with Mike McTigue and Jock Malone last Summer. Art also won over Battling Siki.

Young middleweight and light heavyweight boxers of ability will do well to get in touch with Hugh Shannon, 95 Saranac Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA
By RODY DAVIS

Fans in Richmond very much regret the fact that the regular monthly shows which had been conducted there by the Richmond Grays, a National Guard organization, have been discontinued. Whether the programs will be stopped permanently has not been decided.

Fight patrons in Richmond have been treated to some very fine boxing cards at the Grays Armory, these cards showing such boxers as Harry "Kid" Groves, Speedy Lawrence, Terry O'Day, Andy Bowen, Andy Tucker, Joe Chaney, Lou Guiglimini, Jack Kendricks, Frankie Rice and other men who are real fighters. The card which was to have been staged in December had been arranged before the order stopping the bouts was issued and this program had matched very fine fighters. Speedy Lawrence was to have met Tom Cortez, crack Washington lightweight, in the main ten rounder and Lefty Woodson would have boxed Joe Pisscatella of Fort Myer in the other ten rounder on the program. The last two mentioned men are featherweights. Richmond folk are hoping that the National Guard will start promoting their shows again in the near future as every program was highly enjoyed.

However the same fate has not befallen fight fans in Norfolk, where the regular shows are being promoted. The last show brought together a fine array of boxers, showing Joe Bashara, former Norfolk boy against Jackie Allen of Allentown, Pa. Bashara won their fight due to his aggressive tactics, however his opponent proved to be a mighty tough fellow and Bashara couldn't K. O. him. Theirs was the main ten rounder.

In the other ten rounder Young Philips, crack Naval Base featherweight K. O.'d Kid Valesco, Philippino from the Navy. For a time it looked as though Valesco would win but Philips is a cool boy under fire and came out from under and knocked-out his man in the fifth round. Their fight was a fine one while it lasted. This Philips is coming like a house afire and will surely be heard from in the big money fights before many moons have passed. He is a very stiff puncher with either hand, can box very well and is very tough and game. He weighs 125 pounds.

On this same card Lefty Kid Woodson met Mario Guida, Italian fighter from the Navy. For five rounds their fight was a give and take affair with both boys slugging toe to toe. However Woodson was hurt in the kidneys and had to stop fighting. After the bout he had to be taken to a doctor and spent several days in the sick room, due to the injured kidney. Lefty is a fine prospect and is only a youngster but coming along nicely. He is game as they make 'em and but for his hurt the other night, would doubtless have won his fight.

HOT TAMALES FROM MEXICO
By DON CEE

Tommy White of Texas defended the welterweight championship of the Republic against Arturo Schakels of France. Every seat to the attraction was sold and when no more seats could be purchased even at scalpers' prices the fans stormed the doors and trampled the police underfoot to get in. It was a beautiful fight with Tommy White having the advantage in seven rounds, Schakels had two and three were even, but like the famous Flower-McTigue decision in New York, the judges gave the contest to Schakels and the newspapers gave the decision to White, though White lost his championship by losing the judges' decision. However, the two are rematched for the 15th of January and this attraction will be held in the Plaza de Torros and is expected to draw a one hundred thousand dollar house. The promoters are a French syndicate headed by Sr. Ernesto Morel one of Mexicos men of wealth.

Sr. E. Morel of Mexico City has a lease on the Bull Ring (El Toreo) and also other indoor locations for the promotion of large boxing events and he will hereafter hold only large events featuring the very best boxers of Europe and North America.

Mr. Don Curley of San Antonio Texas, has been appointed the United States representative of the Mexico City boxing promoters Inc., and Mr. Curley has authority to book only the best of notable boxers for contests in Mexico City rings.

Eddie Chaney a welterweight boxer of Philadelphia made two bad fights in North Mexico during December and was suspended by the Tampico Boxing Commission indefinitely; this suspension is in effect all over the Republic, New York, California, Cuba and Europe also South America. Chaney was knocked out in Tampico in the second round by Fast Black and then he went to Monterey, N. L., and was stopped in three rounds by Jimmy Driguez. Chaney also caused trouble with the promoter M. Rodriquez Ayon in Tampico, by trying to get more money than his contract called for.

Boxers from France are taking charge of most of the boxing titles of Mexico and it will be best for the boxers Americano and Mexicana to look out or they will be trailing second in their own hunting grounds.

Henery Dewanker a bantamweight of France is about the classiest bit of boxing machinery seen in the Republic for a long time. Dewanker has won a score of fights in Mexico and for a boy of seventeen has a remarkable record. His last notable feat was a five round knockout over Kid Pancho Flores of San Antonio Texas at Tampico. Dewanker, should go a long way in the boxing sport.

Kid Pancho Flores of Texas was knocked out in the third round of a scheduled twelve round contest at Monterey by O. Fernandez. Flores did not show his old time form against Dewanker or Fernandez as he did a year ago against Pinkey Urquide of Juarez when the two little fellows fought a slashing fifteen round battle in Monterey with Pancho gaining the decision. Pancho Flores appears at this time to be ill or out of condition.

AS WE SEE IT

(*Continued from page* 12)

Caution Costs Delaney Crown

PAUL BERLENBACH, the Astoria Assassin, failed to live up to his reputation in his return battle for the world's light heavyweight championship with Jack Delaney of Bridgeport on December 11, but did the next best thing—he retained his crown. That Berlenbach is still the champion is due to Delaney's failure to follow an advantage which would have brought to him the title by the knockout route.

To much caution in a contest is just as bad as stalling. No fighter can be guilty of overdoing either, and hope to rise to the top rung. Delaney was too cautious, and this caution cost him the victory.

In their previous contest, Delaney, connecting with a terrific right, caught Berlenbach on the chin and ended the bout shortly after. In their return bout in the same round, Delaney's deadly right connected with Paul's chin and down went the champion. He remained down for a count of three, then arose, and without being hit went down a second time. The count was continued and he arose at the toll of eight.

Sickly, in a stupor, eyes dazed and legs quivering, Berlenbach was a mark for a knockout. Few in the vast throng of 23,000 persons who attended the opening of Tex Rickard's beautiful new Temple of Fistiana, Madison Square Garden, expected the champion to recover his senses, and that he did, and finally triumphed, was due entirely to the generosity of the challenger.

Instead of wading in and putting the finishing touches to the battle, Delaney listlessly walked aside, then jabbed a few, thus giving an otherwise defeated opponent a chance to last through the round and save his crown. Were Delaney the Delaney of a year ago, the light heavyweight crown would now be resting on a new head.

To the champion's credit, it must be acknowledged even by Delaney's most ardent supporters, that Berlenbach, sensing the fact his rival was rapidly weakening and that the wallop was not carrying its sting as the fight progressed, gained ground with each round after the ninth and had Delaney in a weakened condition when the final bell sounded.

Berlenbach was entitled to the victory, but we predict that if Paul and Delaney meet again and Delaney is in his 1924 condition, Berlenbach will not survive the fifteenth round.

* * * * *

That McTigue Decision

THE annual Christmas Fund boxing show in the new Garden in New York was no howling success from any angle. The feature was a bout in which Mike McTigue got the decision over Tiger Flowers in spite of the fact that the negro was entitled to the verdict by a wide margin. The New York Commission appointed two amateur sportsmen as judges for the bout and while they did the best they could that best was not good enough.

The experiment of the New York Commission in naming Bernard Gimbel, well known amateur sportsman and wealthy merchant and Peter Brady, president of a bank and well known union laborite, was not successful. However, it may be said that both of the judges acted entirely in good faith. Their verdict could not be attacked from the angle of a motive.

The naming of the amateur sportsmen was not greeted with warmth by the boxing writers of the metropolis. If a decision is not correct, palpably wrong, as this one was, they want to "pan" the persons responsible. And they could not "pan" either Gimbel or Brady. The Boxing Commission perhaps felt that since the decisions were bad anyway, the bad ones might just as well come from sportsmen of the highest type as from professional ring judges.

* * * * *

Godfrey's Miserable Showing

FOR many moons we have been hearing about the astonishing George Godfrey, the negro heavyweight whom "nobody would meet because he hit so hard." We saw Godfrey meet Martin Burke at the Christmas Fund show, and we saw plenty. Godfrey put up a miserable showing against a man whom any good heavyweight can beat without trouble. Where was the negro's great hitting power? Where was his boxing skill, his devastating aggressiveness, his terrific ability to punish?

Godfrey did so badly that the promoters would have been justified in withholding his payment, which came to $5,000. The referee woul have been within his rights had he ordered both boxers out of the ring. The so called bout spoiled the show.

The affair was saved by the workmanlike performance of Fidel La Barba, world's flyweight champion, against Lew Perfetti. La Barba proved himself a neat boxer, and a fine little gentleman. The Californian made a big hit with the boxing fans, and the writers as well, and with the promoters, too, for they were after him with flattering offers.

But it was bitter cold in New York at the time. And California, and Christmas at home beckoned to Fidel. So he hopped on board the Limited and scooted back to native heath. New York will welcome him back with open arms any time he wants to return.

AUSTRALIA NOTES

By R. A. Cumes

Australia has one good lightweight right now. Paul Demsky is his name and he's the most encouraging fighting machine in this part of the globe. On the 21st he stopped Mariano Adriano. This was their second meeting. The first clash ended with a knockout victory for Demsky in the 20th round. The last battle lasted but 11 rounds and the Filipino was given a lesson. Demsky's next opponent is "Nanny" Brown. Brown hails from Dollar Land and should prove a good tryout for the Aussie. There are several other likely fellows coming along but lack good material to help them and try them out.

Another American invasion of high class performers is what is needed here. Australia's best, Harry Collins, is to meet American George Eagel after a lot of hot air let off on both sides. This should be a good battle with the honors fairly even. I think Collins would do well were he to go to America to finish his education.

IOWA RING GOSSIP

By BOB WAGNER

Jackie Conway, St. Paul welterweight, gave Shuffle Callahan, Muscatine, a severe pasting for eight rounds at Des Moines Iowa. Conway had him out on his feet the last two rounds. Calahan landed four or five low punches during the fight and although they weakened Conway, he had little difficulty in winning by a big margin.

Phil Longo, Des Moines, Jr. welterweight, and Jack White, St. Paul, went eight fast rounds to a draw in the semi-windup. Tommy Farrell, and Patsy Cline, both local welterweights, boxed six rounds to a draw.

Jimmy Ryan, fast stepping lightweight of Des Moines and Joe Jawson, Wilwaukee, Wis., boxed ten fast rounds to a draw at Fond Du Lac, Wis. Ryan's whirlwind finish in the last two rounds should have given him the fight.

Al Knipp, Waterloo, Ia., and Floyd Bowers, Mason City, Ia., fought ten rounds to a draw at the card for the American Legion at Mason City. It was the fourth time the pair have fought and Knipp has won the three previous fights.

In the monthly show for the Elks at Muscatine, Ia., Clyde Duray, Marshalltown, Ia., beat the veteran lightweight Ralph Brady, of New York, in eight rounds.

Joey O'Hara, Ft. Dodge welterweight, and Buddy McDonald, St. Paul, went ten rounds to a draw at Ft. Dodge, Ia. It was O'Hara's first fight in nine months, his last fight being with Warnie Smith in which Smith put him to sleep in two rounds. He showed a decided improvement in his fight with McDonald and it won't be long before he will be in first class shape.

Geo. Bourland, Iowa's sensational colored heavyweight, hung the K. O. on Mark Moore, St. Paul heavyweight, in the seventh round of their ten round bout at Waterloo. It was all Bourland's fight and just a question of time when he would put over the sleep producer, but he didn't get the chance as Moore tired of stopping all the punches and climbed out of the ring at the start of the seventh round.

Bourland is one of the most promising heavyweights ever developed around Iowa, his victory over Mark Moore was his forty-fifth consecutive win.

Roscoe Hall, boxing instructor at the University of Iowa, lost a close decision to Rusy Le Roy, at Milwaukee in eight rounds.

FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Hats off to Jim Downing, and his splendid fite emporium at Tampa. Truly a great money combination. Downing is topping the Florida cities regarding gate receipts and no wonder, for he stages sterling encounters between slashing good fighters who have flocked to the "City of Cigars."

With an arena seating 20,000 fans and gate receipts averaging five grand per show, the former promoter of the Ohio Valley A. C., Mons. Downing is giving many of the Florida cities, promoters aces and spades in running their shows, and beating them.

One of Tampa's greatest attractions—Lew Silver of Atlanta—recently went down to defeat before Aramis del Pino, the Cuban favorite. Then in turn the following week, Tony Ross of Pittsburgh, gave del Pino a lacing. Another good fighter that is traveling well in Tampa, is Johnny Simpson of San Antonio. As we got to bat with this, Midget Mickey O'Dowd of Columbus, O., is to mingle with Mickey Gill, the California flyweight. It'll be a tough battle.

Apparently, Friend Downing has the monopoly on first class talent to fling the leathers. But then it must be taken into consideration, that Tampa is out-drawing all the best cities in the state; naturally, it means the boys are getting more "gelt" in Tampa, than elsewhere.

The bouts at Ft. Lauderdale were well received and considering it was the first show and a postponed one, we are of the opinion, that Lauderdale will vie with the best gates in Florida shortly. The followers of the sport in Miami predict that Ft. Lauderdale, will soon top Miami as a boxing center. Billy Dawson, promoted the show and yours truly arranged the matches. Thank you! Shows will be featured every Monday.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

An ambitious winter campaign has been mapped out for Tommy Loughran by Manager Joe Smith. The South Philadelphia light heavyweight showed that he is boxing in top form by the easy manner in which he gained the ten round decision over King Solomon on Christmas.

Dave Adelman, who received a setback when Willie Davies beat him at the Arena, came back with a rush during the Christmas holidays when he won from Marty Gold, in the ten round wind-up at the Adelphia.

Another former Philadelphia amateur has invaded the professional ranks. He is Jimmy McGurk, a promising lightweight, and will box under the guidance of Otto Hughes.

Benny Boston, the Oklahoma featerweight, has taken up his boxing headquarters in Phillie and the western lad is looking for action against any of the 126 pounders.

Bobby Marriott, Philadelphia middleweight, who boxed in the navy and then took up his residence in Baltimore, has made a lot of new friends in his old home town; by his aggressiveness.

Solly Abrams, the fighting Hebrew of the coal regions, has returned to Philadelphia, his native city, and will be seen in action soon.

Bristol, Pa., furnished a rip tearing fighter in Young Moffo at the New Broadway on Christmas day. Moffo knocked out Danny Rogers of Manayunk in the second round and made a big hit.

The stock of George Godfrey, the Leiperville, Pa., heavyweight took a boost, when he knocked out Battling Owens in New Orleans in the third round, then stopped Fred Fulton in Minneapolis and later beat Martin Burke in New York. Jimmy Dougherty insists Godfrey is a man eater.

Manager Harry Dollfus believes he has a real star in Scotty McDonald, who has been in this country less than a year. McDonald is a featherweight and will soon be stepping out against the real topnotchers. One of his recent victories was over Tommy Maher.

Johnny Downey, West Philadelphia lightweight is training every day with the hope of getting more real ring action. He boxed a draw with Shamus O'Brien, the New Jersey scrapper, some time ago.

Max (Boo Boo) Hoff has added Ray Mitchell, Italian welterweight, to his stable and will endeavor to keep him busy during the winter months.

Danny Kramer and Eddie (Kid) Wagner were benefitted by their training trips to Hot Springs, Ark. Manager Hoff has a number of important bouts in view for these two battlers.

Buck Fleming, an aggressive and rugged featherweight, has been stepping along at a lively pace. Some of his recent opponents were Chick Kansas, Clark Anderson and Bobby Wolgast.

A big colored heavyweight, answering to the name of Fred MacDougal, of Burlington, N. J., is being groomed by Tommy Reilly. Big Fred recently stopped Jim Slemmer, the Millville, N. J., heavy at the Broadway in Phillie.

Joe Bush, one of the most promising middleweights in Philadelphia, won his last five straight bouts and is looking for more worlds to conquer He is now on the trail of Frank Moody and Tommy Loughran.

THE GOLDEN STATE

By OTTO PETERS

Game little Joe Gorman went down to defeat before Joe Pinnenthal in the main event at the San Bernardino Legion Athletic Club when the bout was stopped in the fourth round with Gorman temporarily blinded by a terrific right hand blow. It was a game stand that Gorman made but it was a wise move on the part of Referee Ben McFarland in stopping the bout. Gorman had an edge over Pinnenthal in the first round, throwing some wicked rights at Pinnenthal with telling effect.

In the third Pinnenthal had the round and was leading in the fourth when he dropped Gorman for a count of eight.

Gorman arose, blinded, but dropped back to the floor pawing at his injured eye. It was a pitiful case of a game little fighter going down fighting.

In the semi-final Gil Davis made a surprising showing against Billy Fisher, the fighting Denver welterweight. Fisher fractured his right hand during the bout, whic was declared a draw. Many ringsiders believed Davis should have had the verdict. It was a close bout and an interesting one.

"Mushy" Callahan plans an eastern invasion to start in February. He has been offered bouts in New Orleans and New York. Eddie Sears, his manager, will accept the matches.

"Baby" Joe Gans scored a knocked over Alex Trambitas in the first round of their scheduled 10 round bout at the Pasadena Armory. Trambitas was floored three times before being counted out.

Friends of Jerry McCarthy who have wondered how Jerry came to have a slightly depressed nose will understand now. Mrs. Jerry McCarthy is punching bag champion of the world and possesses a heavy wallop in both mitts. She is giving exhibitions December 7th to the 12th at the May Company Sporting Goods store in Los Angeles. Jerry and his wife traveled for years over the vaudeville circuit.

Figures issued by Walter A. Yarwood, secretary of the State Athletic Commission disclosed December 3th that 1,478,000 fans have paid $2,320,077.31 to witness boxing bouts since the commission began operations last January.

Johnny Adams of San Bernardino won a decisive victory over Joe Layman at Wilmington Bowl. Seven of the ten rounds went to Adams. "Kid" Frayo knocked out Benny Jordan in the first round of the semi-final.

Boxing judges were restored at the bouts in the San Diego Coliseum, by Commissioner Louis Almgren, in charge of the southern district, and according to Johnny Schiff, local referee, who officiated, the old style system of deciding fights was a huge success. The main event went to a draw between Frankie Garcia and Ritchie King. The semi-windup between Ted Snyder and Tom Hawkins, heavyweights, the judges disagreed on, and Schiff cast the vote which declared Hawkins the winner. This verdict also met with the approval of the crowd.

Before a large crowd at the San Bernardino American Legion Athletic Club, Allie Nelson of Long Beach took every round from Battling Ward in their 10 round main event. It was the third meeting of the pair and the second victory for Nelson; the first fight was a draw.

The fighting Swede showed more of an inclination to fight than did Ward and the 10 rounds might have been more interesting had Ward mixed it more, although the fight was far above the average. Jack Black lost on a foul to Santiago Zorilla in the 4 round. Walter Beck beat Kid Contreras in a sensational bout. Baby Sal stopped Billy Emery in the second round.

Holders of the first 1926 licenses issued by the California State Athletic Commission have been announced by Walter Yarwood, Secretary. Billy Alger was given boxer's license No. 1. A second's license bearing the same numeral went to J. C. Burdick of San Francisco. The first manager's license was given to Tim McGrath, of San Francisco, a veteran handler of boxers. W. J. Lawley of San Francisco was the first timekeeper to be licensed. Fred Bottars, of Sacramento, holds referee's license No. 1. Dr. A. A. Stein, of Sacramento, holds the first Physician's license.

Battling Check won the decision over Sammy Waltz at the Pasadena Armory.

At the Wilmington Bowl, Jimmy Hackley defeated Ritchie King, Billy Gane beat Sailor Hendricks, Frankie Boldt lost to Dan Tooney, Jimmy Valentine knocked out Sailor McIntyre, two rounds; Sailor Shaken won from Indian Pat.

Jack Lynch, light-heavyweight, knocked out Hank Gatton, of Los Angeles, in the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round bout at Phoenix, Ariz.

Frankie Grandetta won a ten-round decision over Ernie Hood, the pride of Pasadena, in the main event at Pasadena. Kid Esau won from Benny Diaz in the eight round semi-windup.

BOXING IN HAVANA

By MILTON BARON

Loyaza, the Chilean, handed the fans a surprise when he scored a technical knockout over Hilario Martinez lightweight from Spain. Martinez had been defeating all his opponents here and was expected to win over the Chilean, but had hard luck, as in the 5th round the Chilean cut Martinez' right eye so badly that his manager threw the towel in to save him from furter loss of blood. The bout was stopped in the 9th round. A return match has been booked for these two sterling lightweights, and the writer believes that Martinez can easily defeat Loyaza.

In one of the semi-finals, Enrique Valdes met Genaro Pino, crack local flyweight. Genaro Pino gave Valdes a sound shellacking and won every round. Valdes showed that he is game to the core, but he will have to take on easier opponents before he can tackle the good ones.

Dativo Fuentes, crack local featherweight, scored a hard earned victory over Angel Diaz the Cuban feather champion. Diaz scored a knock down in the 8th round, but Fuentes had too much of a lead and was awarded the decision. If Dativo should challenge Diaz for a shot at the title, there is no doubt but that the Arena Colon would be jammed full.

Among the local boys here, we have Vicente Villar, hard hitting lightweight, who has every possibility of being a top notcher. With a little more polishing Villar should give the best lightweights around here lots to do, as he is very fast and hits with both hands, possessing a K.O. punch in either mitt. A good deal will be heard about this boy in the future.

Ramon Perez, local flyweight has been doing well lately. His recent victory over Kid Guanajay showed that he has championship calibre. He has speed, punch and cleverness, and should put up a good battle with Black Bill, present Cuban flyweight champ who is now making a success in New York rings. Jack Santiago, who recently arrived from New York has won his first two starts. He is a good featherweight and should make a hit here, with his clean fast style of boxing.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

The Canadian bantamweight championship recently changed hands, after one of the most gruelling and spectacular fights ever witnessed in this neck of the woods, when Bobby Eber regained the laurels from Viv Foley, aggressive and rugged Westerner. The Coliseum was well filled, when these two high-class bantams met under the auspices of the St. Charles A. C. sponsored by Willie Morrisey. Foley started off with aggressive body attacks, fierce in-fighting that piled up a big lead the first half of the bout. When it seemed that the idolized Bobby was booked for a trip to "Poppyland." Eber won the greatest uphill battle we have seen for many a day, stepping in and slugging with the champion at his own game. The final round, with the big crowd in a blaze of excitement, saw both boys standing toe to toe, slamming, and socking, from every angle. Refree Sinclair raised Eber's hand, as the new champion. A deafening roar of cheers went up seldom heard from a crowd of six thousand fans, the huge building shook with the applause, while the new titeholder was smothered with congratulations from every side.

The semi-final between Chris Newton, and Charlie Miller, was a onesided affair in Newton's favor. Newton's improved punching had Miller hugging and hanging, and several times the sleeping potion was hovering over Charlie's nose, but he managed to stay the distance, being a badly used, and well marked boy at the end.

Freddy Vincent clever Welsh bantam seemed to have a safe lead, that would entitle him to the verdict, in the six rounder with Bob Booth. The refree was more than good to the latter when he announced a draw.

A large number of critics, including the writer, were of the opinion that Bobby Eber was a wee bit lucky, when he gained the award over Vic Foley. The aggressiveness, coupled with the terrific body attack, and in-fighting of the latter, in the first six rounds, should have at least earned him a draw. Still we are deep in admiration for the gallant Bobby, whose gentlemanly conduct both in and out of the ring, is a big asset to the prize-ring.

Cy Pook, St. Thomas middleweight, scored his second win over "Red" Meeck, in an eight round bout at St. Thomas, before a big crowd. Cy, is going to make a big attempt to gain recognition, as the leading Canadian middleweight this season, and the local fans should see a much improved fighter ere long. Harry Henning will be Pook's next opponent, when they meet on the 30th of the month. A big crowd will see this bout, which has been in the making for a year.

George Fifield, gained sweet revenge when he scored over Frankie Bull, in a ten rounder, for the Canadian welterweight championship. Bull scored a decisive win over the welterweight champion about a year ago. The set back has been a thorn in his side until the last meeting. Fifield looked good, his aggressiveness being an outstanding feature, an accidental butt in the second round, over the eye greatly handicapped Bull, who fought a listless battle until the eighth round. After a five minutes' rest, given by the refree, after a claim of foul, Bull refused to take the decision, although outpointed up to this time and came out and fought an offensive battle, that carried Fifield to every corner of the ring, making the champion appear like an amateur. The same thing occurred in the ninth, and the final round. Fifield, held his own, after red-hot exchanges. It is likely that the boys will meet again. It may be said that George is vastly improved, and if he could add a little more power in his punches he will be a dangerous foe for Mickey Walker.

Tommy Mitchell, who has been winning consistently around Syracuse and vicinity of late, came back to hand a huge trouncing to Teddy Joyce, in the semi-final to the Bull-Fifield bout. Tommy gave Joyce a sound thrashing, and assured himself of some lucrative future bouts, with his showing.

Harry Henning, Canadian middleweight champion, after a long rest came back to a local ring, and knocked out Jack Meech, in three rounds. Harry has greatly improved his body punching, which will make him a dangerous opponent for any of the middleweights to tackle.

Playfair Brown, matchmaker of the Shamrock A. C. figures on bringing together Mike McTigue or Harry Greb, against Roland Todd, the European champion, for his next show. This match should draw a record crowd for the season. The enterprising Brown has many interesting features for the future and his club should show a big margin of profit at the end of the present year.

Alec Burlie, Canadian flyweight champion, will mingle with Wee Willie Woods, New England champion, ex-champion of Scotland, the feature of Willie Morrisey's next show. Burlie is a smart boy and if given the opportunity, will be clashing with Fidel La Barba, in a championship bout. Burlie is the smartest little fellow ever developed in the Dominion, and he will be heard from without a doubt, this season.

Interesting Letters from Our Readers!

Ketchell Was Greatest

IN my estimation, Stanley Ketchell was the greatest fighter of all time. Although your magazine calls for heavyweights, I think Ketchel could hold his own and even more, he could beat the best crop of heavies of both past and present.

He was a two-fisted puncher, a clever man in the ring and his hitting ability was proven by his record of twenty-one consecutive kayos, taking on all comers, big or small, weight making no difference. If he were alive today he could whip any of the present heavies, Dempsey included.

Yours in sport,
Joseph J. Amann,
Middletown, Ohio.

* * *

Another Jackson Adherent

TO attempt to write on this subject turns the clock back thirty five years and to choose the greatest heavyweight of all time I will eliminate all but three—Jackson, Johnson and Fitzsimmons and from these I pick Jackson. He had everything. Science, courage, power and natural impulse, and a physique pleasing to behold.

He never lost a fight until he was 38 years old and then to a man 14 years younger and much heavier. Disease had wrecked his body and he was without money so he was willing to be pushed over for a few dollars to get back to Australia to die. His fight with Jeffries should never have gone on the records other than as an exhibition.

His fight with Corbett was a combination of fight and foot race and as Jackson had a bad leg all he could get was a draw. Fitz would have been as Jackson had he the size. Fitz said that Jackson could conquer any man. Had Johnson the heart and courage of Sharkey, he would have been as great as Jackson. If Luther McCarty had lived then Dempsey would not be champion.

W. D. Aldridge,
San Bernardino, Calif.

* * *

Does Not Agree with Spike Webb

I have been a reader of your magazine for sometime and I consider it the best magazine of its kind. Here is one problem that I can not fathom.

"Spike" Webb names Dempsey the greatest ever when Dempsey only fights every three years. He has fought, in my opinion, only a bunch of second raters. Men like Ruhlin, Sharkey, Maher, Jeffries, McCoy were game to the core and those second raters would not last five rounds with them. The best heavyweight of his time was James J. Corbett.

Sam Crawford,
Baltimore, Md.

* * *

Calls Jackson Best

PETER JACKSON, who never became a champion, is the world's greatest heavyweight. Denied the opportunities—that is the only reason he wasn't champion. After whipping every one across the seas he came to the U. S. to win from J. L., but never got the chance.

Fitz followed him to learn something but would never fight him. Jackson was tricky and scientific from all angles. When Jeffries knocked him out he had consumption in the second stage. No one could have whipped Peter when in his prime.

BUSS JORDAN, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

In the Dempsey Camp

I consider Jack Dempsey the greatest heavyweight the world has ever known. Although not exactly a brilliant boxer, he is speedy, game and can take a lot of punishment, if necessary. By a comfortable margin, he is the most murderous puncher fistiania can boast of ever having. Ask Mr. Willard what he thinks of the latter statement.

Clyde H. Berrie,
Dawson, N. B.
Canada.

* * *

Jeffries His Choice

I DON'T have to think hard to give my opinion as to who was the greatest heavyweight.

"I think that James J. Jeffries was the man. Jeffries so far outclassed the heavyweights in his day and they were all good fighting men. Jeff had to retire for there was no one else to fight.

"His defeat at Reno should not sway one's judgment in summing up the fighting qualities of the great Jeffries. The reason for his defeat at Reno was that he wasn't the Jeffries who used to leap through the ropes keen-eyed, cool, smiling, determined, with nerves of steel, but he was a slow lumbering wreck, only a shell of his former self and he had been out of the ring for six years, lived the life of ease and weighed nearly three hundred pounds.

"In his fighting days, what a record this huge Jeffries made. He came out of the west with a few fights on his record, fought and conquered the great Fitzsimmons. This fight went eleven rounds which alone is proof that Jeff took all of Bob's tremendous hooks and swings and pushing steadily in with his grim courage and endurance and knocked out Fitzsimmons with a terrific left to the chin and Jeffries became the heavyweight champion of the world at the age of 24. Compare this with other heavyweight champions like Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Willard, Johnson. These men were older and had more experience. Jeffries was a mere novice in comparison.

A READER, New Jersey.

* * *

Another Dempsey Follower

JACK DEMPSEY is, in my opinion, the greatest heavyweight of all time. Dempsey is the most punishing fighter and the hardest hitter ever seen in the ring. He is fast, faster than any heavyweight in ring history with the possible exception of Corbett. Yes, Dempsey is the greatest mauler, at any weight, of them all.

James Gorman,
Sheffield, Iowa.

* * *

Bob Fitzsimmons His Idol

TO decide who was the greatest heavyweight of all time is quite a proposition, especially when we think of such great fighters as Jim Corbett, John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson.

As in everything else, there is a difference of opinion; but for myself, I have reasons to believe that Fitzsimmons was the greatest of them all.

There may have been men in the ring who were harder to beat, but for a man of his weight I have never heard of anyone near his equal.

Fitz whipped more men who had a big advantage over him in weight than any man that was ever in the ring.

There was nothing lacking in him as a fighter. He had wonderful hitting ability, science, aggressiveness, endurance and a fighting heart.

He lost the heavyweight title to Jeffries at 38.

He won the light heavyweight title from George Gardner at 41 and in his late forties was considered a dangerous opponent by many of the younger men.

When was there ever another fighter with such a record?

H. H. Gottschall, Penbrook, Pa.

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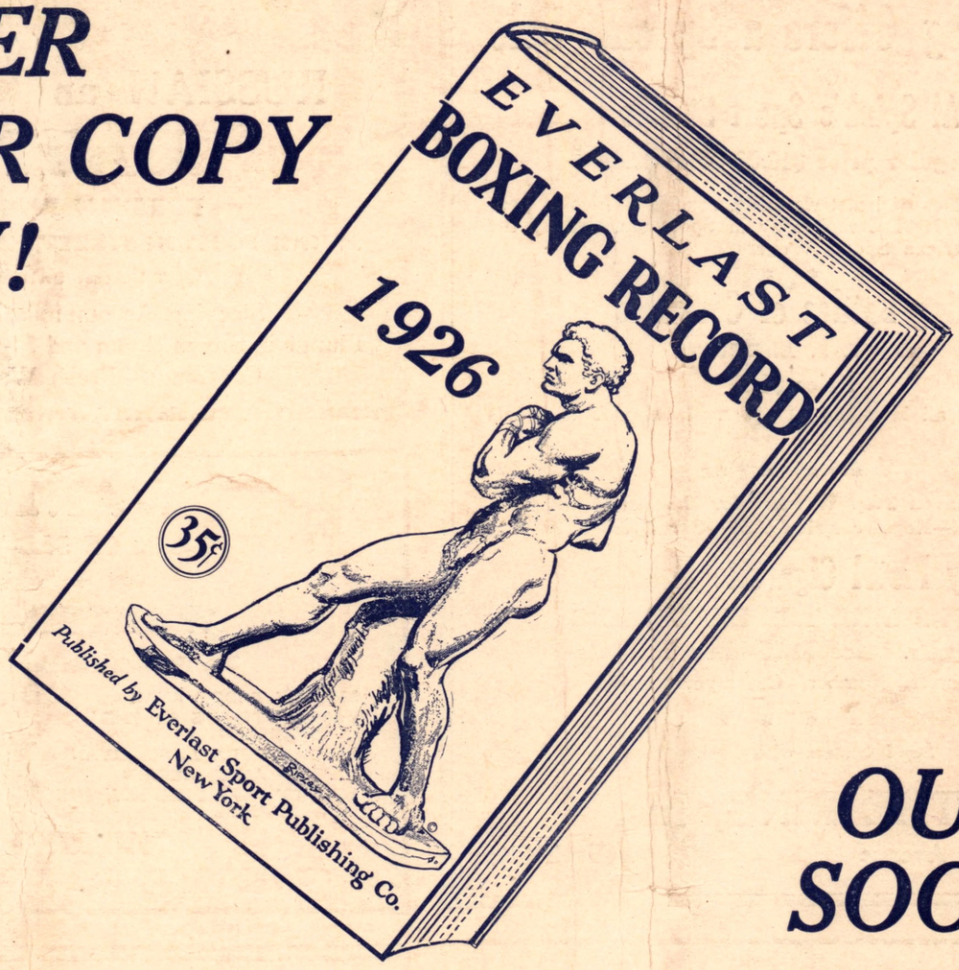

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